



THE PSYCHO NEWS

FROM HERE TO

INSANITY

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



No.
11

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

HEY!
THERE'S
NOBODY IN
THERE!

I'M OVER HERE, MAX---
YOU TOLD ME TO FIND
SOME NICE UNDER-
WATER SCENERY!

Read-

**20,000
Lugs
UNDER THE
Sea**

FILMED IN GLORIOUS
CHLORINE

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

PSSSST!! HEY, CHEAPSKATE... YOU WITH THE PEGGED PANTS AND BLUE SUEDE SHOES! STEP INTO THE HALLWAY, CAT... WE GOT SOME REAL WILD BARGAINS FOR YOU---YOU CAN'T HARDLY GET THIS STUFF NOWHERE, NOMORE, NOSIREE!!!

WHY BUY SOMETHING YOU NEED ???

CLASSIFIED

ADS

Shower
HER with GIFTS!

be an angel—

IMPORT

A Real COBRA
Snake Skin

THE PERFECT GIFT

GOOD FOR 1,000
LAUGHS



one-piece

lies flat and
wrinkle-free all day long.

SIZES 44 to 72—17 to 22



PLEASE
EXCUSE
THE
ETAION
SHRDLU!

Signed...
MAX, THE
TYPESETTER

HELP!
I'M WANTED

MEN

PROFIT
from the
WISDOM
of the
YOGIS!

Shrink **BIG MEN**
Without Surgery

DO-IT-YOURSELF
**NEW GREASELESS
WAY**

quick inexpensive **FREE**

Please send me Yogi trial Lesson.
(No obligation) I enclose 25,000,000.00

NAME
STREET.....
CITY..... STATE.....

**STOP BURNING
GIVE OIL!
BLOOD
NOW**

EXCITE
flattering glances
with

HAIR ON FACE



FREE KIT

Let Me Prove Your Short, Thin Hair Can
WEIGH 200 LBS. OR MORE



PSSS'T JACK!
exclusive

Art Talent Test

CHASE THE BLUES
We artists will help

you **TO
DRAW**
ANYTHING
BUT A
SALARY!



**REFRESH
YOUR
TIRED EYES**

FROM HERE TO INSANITY

Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group. Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues, \$1.20. Copyright 1955 by Charlton Comics Group.

Volume 1, Number 11

August, 1955

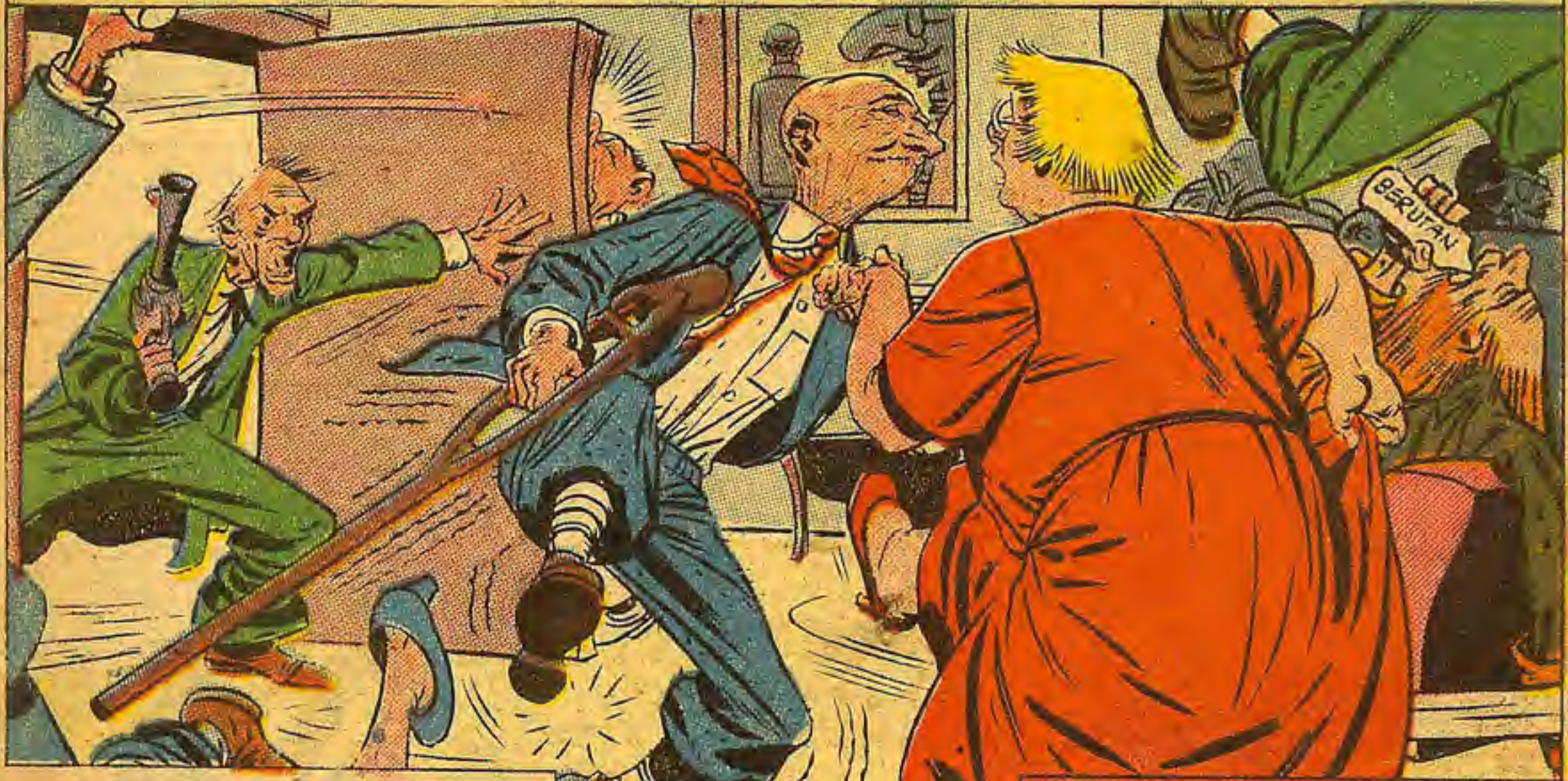
Printed in the U.S.A.

From Here To INSANITY

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A LAUGH, BUDDY, GO GET A SCHOOLMATE TO TICKLE YOU -- 'CAUSE THIS IS SERIOUS STUFF, BOY! REAL GONE MISERY -- MAGNOLIA-SCENTED, HONEY DRIPPING, LONELY, TRAGIC, SOUL SHATTERING UNHAPPINESS STRAIGHT FROM THE COMIC (HA-HA) BOOK THAT BRINGS YOU --

ROMANCE WITH A VARICOSE HEART

OLD LOVE



I, MIRIAM MUDPACK WAS CAUGHT UP IN THE WEB OF LIFE THE DAY I LEARNED ABOUT MY PARENTS' TRAGIC END.

I HATE TO BRING YOU THE NEWS JUST WHEN YOU'RE BEING OPERATED ON FOR A BROKEN LEG -- BUT --

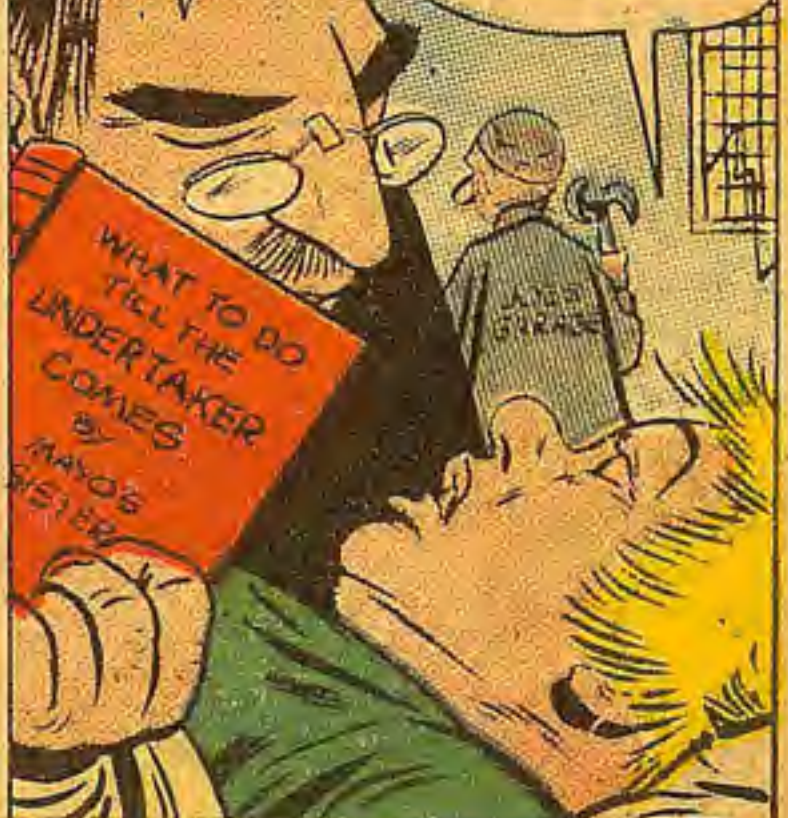
POOR MOTHER -- FATHER -- DID THEY LEAVE ME ANYTHING IN THEIR WILL?

NOTHING, MY DEAR. YOU'RE **PENNYLESS!** WHAT'S MORE -- THIS EXPENSIVE OPERATION MAY NOT PROVE SUCCESSFUL --

DOES THAT MEAN -- THAT I -- I MAY NEVER PLAY -- PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL -- AGAIN?

YES! YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME OTHER MEANS TO SUPPORT YOURSELF AND YOUR GAY, MADCAP AND WORTHLESS YOUNG BROTHER MAX.

DON'T BE TOO SEVERE WITH MAX, S.R. HE'S ONLY 45 YEARS OF AGE -- TOO YOUNG TO KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING --

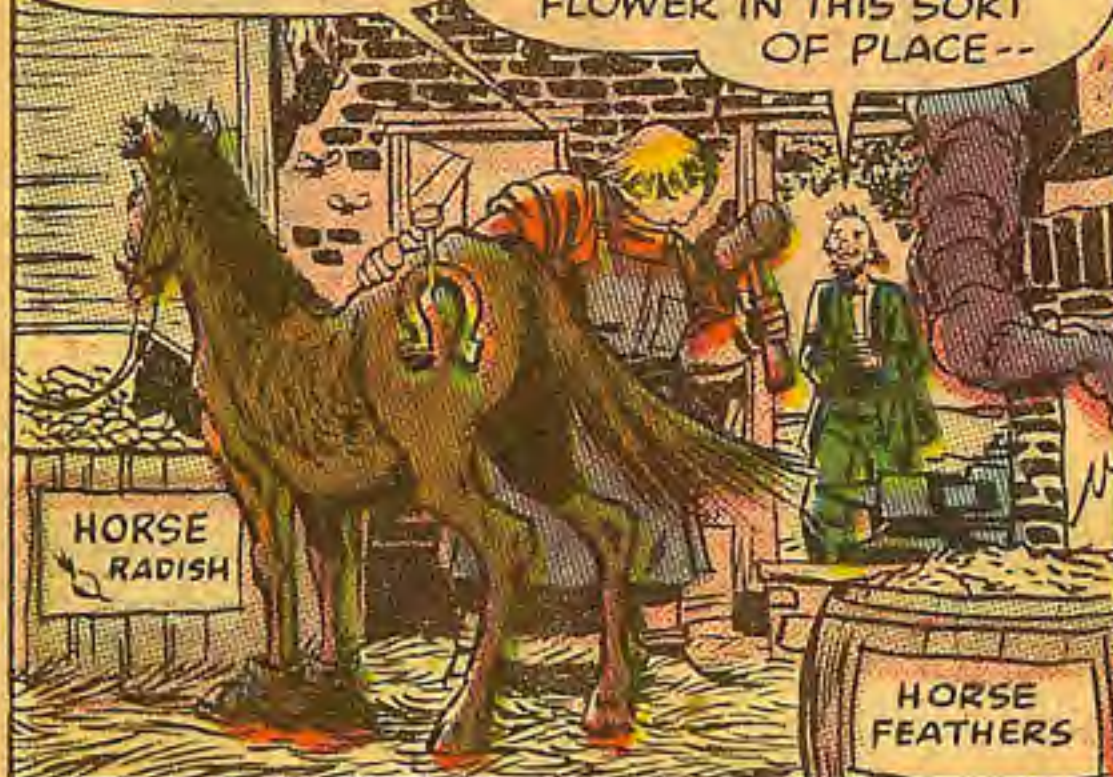


From Here To INSANITY

THE OPERATION WAS A MISERABLE FAILURE. NOT ONLY COULDN'T I PLAY FOOTBALL AGAIN, BUT COMPLICATIONS HAD SET IN WHICH LEFT ME PERMANENTLY NEARSIGHTED. THAT'S HOW I CAME TO FALL IN LOVE WITH NORBERT SWINEBERGER. ONE DAY, HE ENTERED MY BLACKSMITH SHOP WHERE I WAS AT WORK.

WHO IS IT?
WHAD'DYA WANT?

WELL! I DIDN'T EXPECT
TO FIND SUCH A LOVELY
FLOWER IN THIS SORT
OF PLACE--



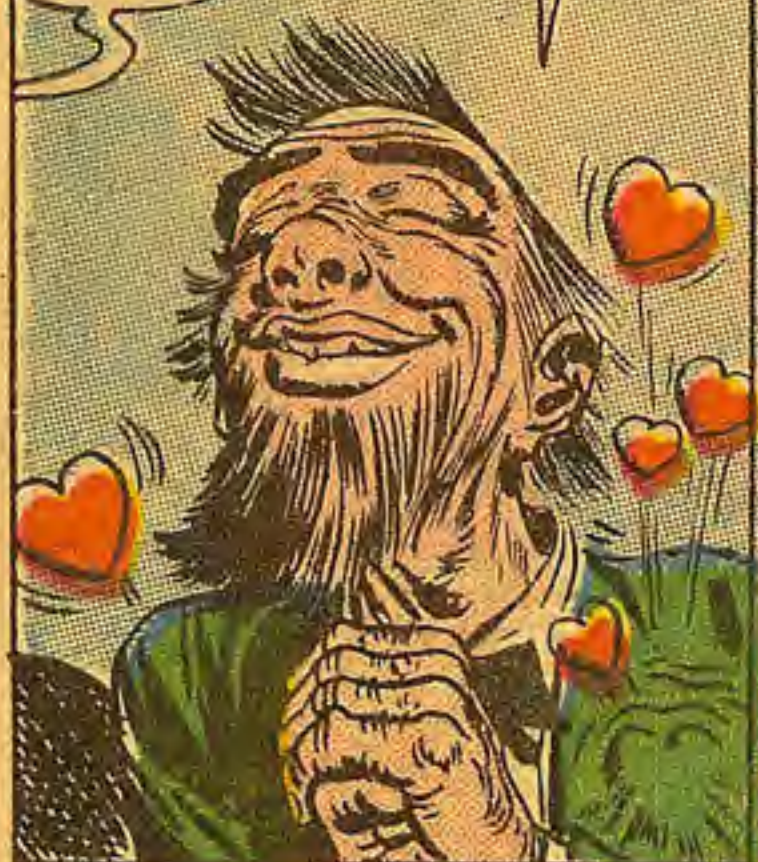
SPIT IT OUT, FATHEAD!
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
I WANNA FINISH WITH THIS
HORSE--THERE'S AN
ELEPHANT COMING
IN FOR A
MANICURE!

HOW REFRESHING!
YOU'RE DIFFERENT
FROM ANY GIRL I'VE
EVER MET. I- I MUST
SEE MORE OF YOU--
HOW ABOUT A DATE?



OKAY!
OKAY!
NOW GET
THE BLAZES
OUT OF
HERE!

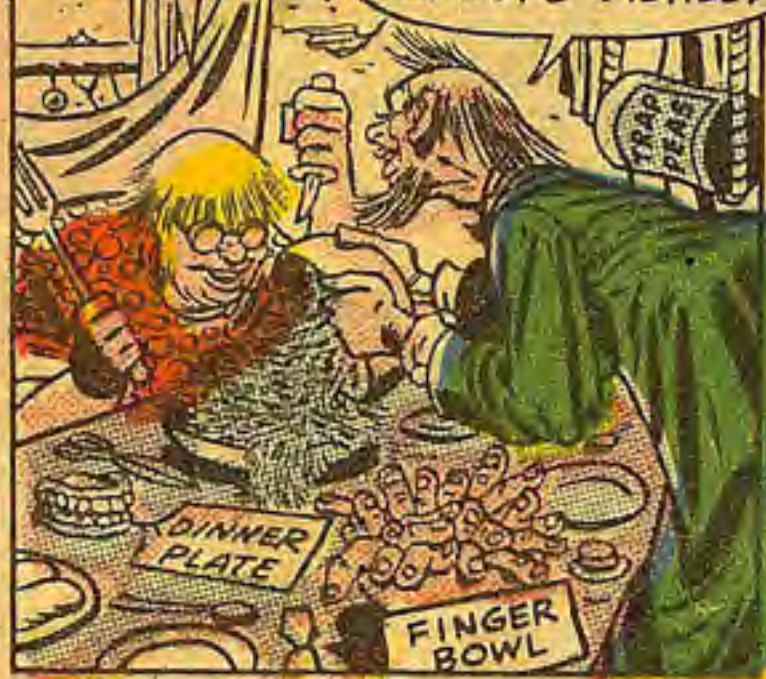
UNTIL TOMORROW
NIGHT AT EIGHT,
HONEY. WE'LL
GIVE THIS TOWN
A MAD WHIRL!



EVERYTHING I'D EVER WANTED
IN A MAN. HE WAS CHIEF MIXER
AT THE SHEEP-DIP FACTORY AND
HE SPENT HIS MONEY ON ME
LIKE A WILD SAILOR--TAKING
ME TO FABULOUS PLACES I
COULD NEVER AFFORD!

IMAGINE!
CASEY'S DINER!
WHOEVER THOUGHT
I'D BE HAVING
DINNER HERE!

MORE COLE
SLAW, BABY?
YOU WON'T
FIND A FLY
IN ANY OF
CASEY'S DISHES.



WE MADE THE ROUNDS OF ALL
THE FASHIONABLE NIGHT SPOTS. I
REMEMBER EATING LIKE A PIG AT
THE FREE LUNCH COUNTER IN
SHLOCKMAN'S BLUE ROOM AND
DANCING AWAY THE HOURS TO THE
MUSIC OF GENE CREEPA'S BAND!

THIS DANCE IS
NEW TO ME,
NORBERT. IS IT
THE LATEST
CRAZE?

IT'S REAL
MAD, SUGAR!
THE CATS CALL
IT THE
MINUET.



IN HIS CREAKING ARMS I WAS
ANOTHER GIRL--THE KIND THAT
WOULDN'T DREAM OF SHOEING
A HORSE--OR TAKING A BATH IN A RAIN BARREL.
I WAS A GODDESS--FLOATING ON THE CLOUDS OF
LOVE.

DARLING, YOU'RE
LIGHT AS A
FEATHER.

I HOPE THEY NEVER
TURN OFF THE AIR
PRESSURE UNDER
THAT VENT.



BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER SIDE
TO NORBERT--A SINISTER PART
OF HIS LIFE WHICH I DISCOVERED
AT THE DANCE. A WILD PLEADING LOOK APPEARED
IN HIS EYES. HE RAN OUT ON THE TERRACE. AND
WHEN I FOLLOWED HIM--I SAW...

NORBERT! WHAT
IS THIS!

I MUST HAVE MY TEN
O'CLOCK BOTTLE. MOTHER
INSISTS
ON IT--



From Here To INSANITY

SUDDENLY, I REALIZED THE AWFUL TRUTH. MY LOVE, NORBERT SWINEBERGER, WAS A **MAMA'S BOY!**

NORBERT! NO! THIS CAN'T BE TRUE! I COULD UNDERSTAND IF YOU DRANK COLA, OR HAIR TONIC -- OR EVEN VARNISH ... BUT--

IT'S MAMA'S OWN PICKLED YOGURT-- SHE SAYS IT BUILDS STRONG BONES.



YOUR MAMA MUST HAVE A LOT TO SAY, I'LL BET! BUT I'M THE GAL WHO'LL SHUT HER SWEET OLD MOUTH. I'M GOING TO FIGHT FOR YOU NORBERT!

PLEASE, MIRIAM! MOTHER KNOWS BEST-- YOU'LL LOVE HER WHEN YOU MEET HER!



I'LL CHANGE HER MIND, NORBERT--- **NO ONE** MUST STAND IN THE WAY OF **OUR** ROMANCE!

NONSENSE! I'M SURE YOU'LL BOTH HIT IT OFF WELL TOGETHER. YOU'RE GOING TO MEET MAMA TOMORROW NIGHT!



THE NEXT EVENING, MY YOUNG, GIRLISH HEART LEAPED LIKE A FLOUNDER WHEN NORBERT INTRODUCED ME TO HIS MOTHER. SHE DIDN'T SEEM LIKE THE TYPE WHO COULD INFLUENCE ANYBODY. BUT, THEN -- I WAS SO NEARSIGHTED...

IS THIS ITZY-KITZY KOOGIE'S LITTLE PITZY WITZIE NEW GIRL FRIEND?

HOW D'YA LIKE HER, MOMMY. WOMMY. SHE'S NICER THAN THE OTHER BEASTS! MAY I GO OUT WITH HER, MOMMY? **MAY I?**



HE WAS COMPLETELY IN HER POWER, THE LOVABLE WORM! HOW WAS I TO WIN HIM WITHOUT BREAKING HER ARM?

IT'S GETTING LATE, NORBERT. MAMMA WANTS YOU TO GO TO SLEEP.

WHY DON'T YOU LET HIM STAND ON HIS OWN TWO FEET.



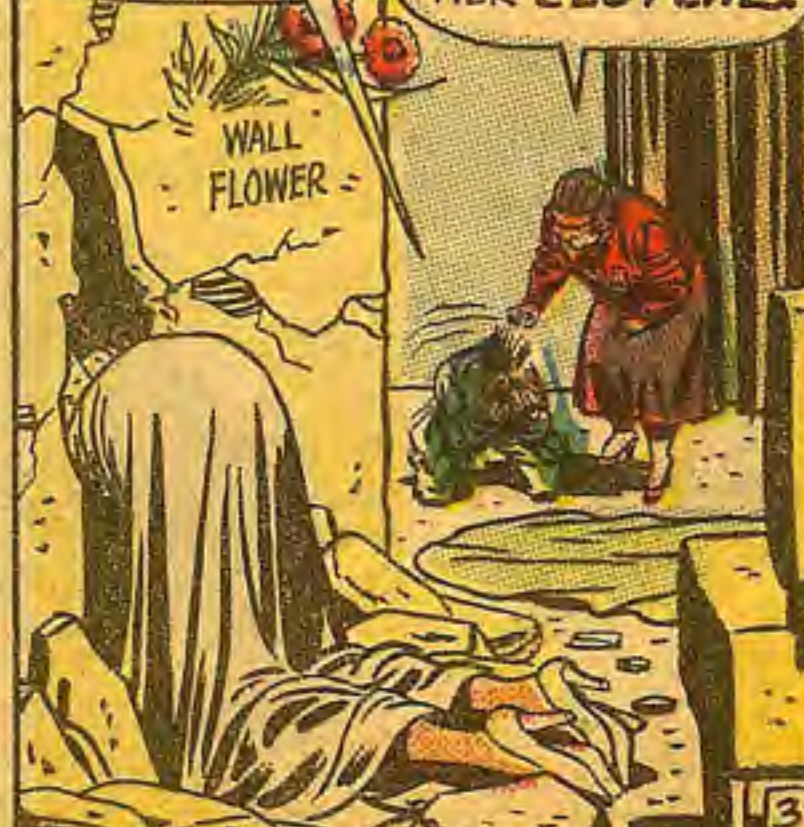
SHE'S RIGHT, MOMMA! I PROMISED TO TAKE HER TO THE FIGHTS TONIGHT.

YEAH! LET HIM ALONE!



BAW! YOU HIT MY MAMA--AND SPOILED ALL HER MAKE-UP!

I ONLY DID IT FOR YOU, DOLL--TO GET YOU OUT OF HER **CLUTCHES!**



From Here To INSANITY

WHEN NORBERT PUSHED ME OUT OF THE WINDOW I KNEW HE DIDN'T APPRECIATE ME.

NORBERT!
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND!

AHHH,
SHADDAAAP!



IT WAS OUR FIRST QUARREL AND IT REALLY HURT MY PRIDE. IT ACHED FOR DAYS AS I SULKED INSIDE MY HOUSE

HI, SIS!
AREN'T YOU EVER GONNA GET OVER THAT CREEP?

YOU'RE RIGHT, MAX!
I WANT TO BE GAY AND MERRY LIKE YOU!



SAY! HOW ABOUT JOINING ME AND THE GANG! WE'VE GOT OUR HOT-ROD OUTSIDE - AND --

DON'T TELL ME! YOU'RE ALL GOING TO ONE OF YOUR WILD PARTIES AT THE BEACH!

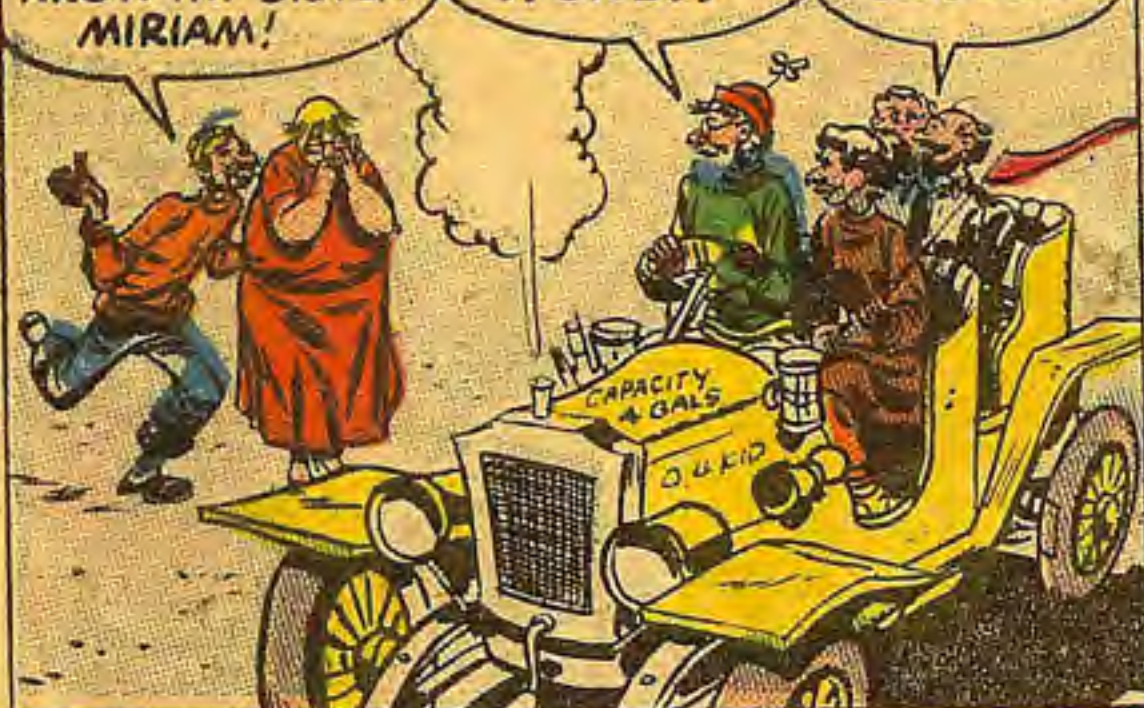


I'D HEARD OF THOSE PARTIES. THERE WAS TALK ABOUT MAX'S CROWD EATING MUSH AND DRINKING BERUTAN AND GETTING INTO ALL SORTS OF MISCHIEF. BUT MAX TALKED ME INTO GOING.

HI YA, GUYS AND GALS. YOU KNOW MY SISTER MIRIAM!

WE SURE DO! WHATTA HONEY!

HOP IN, BABY. 23 SKIDDOO!



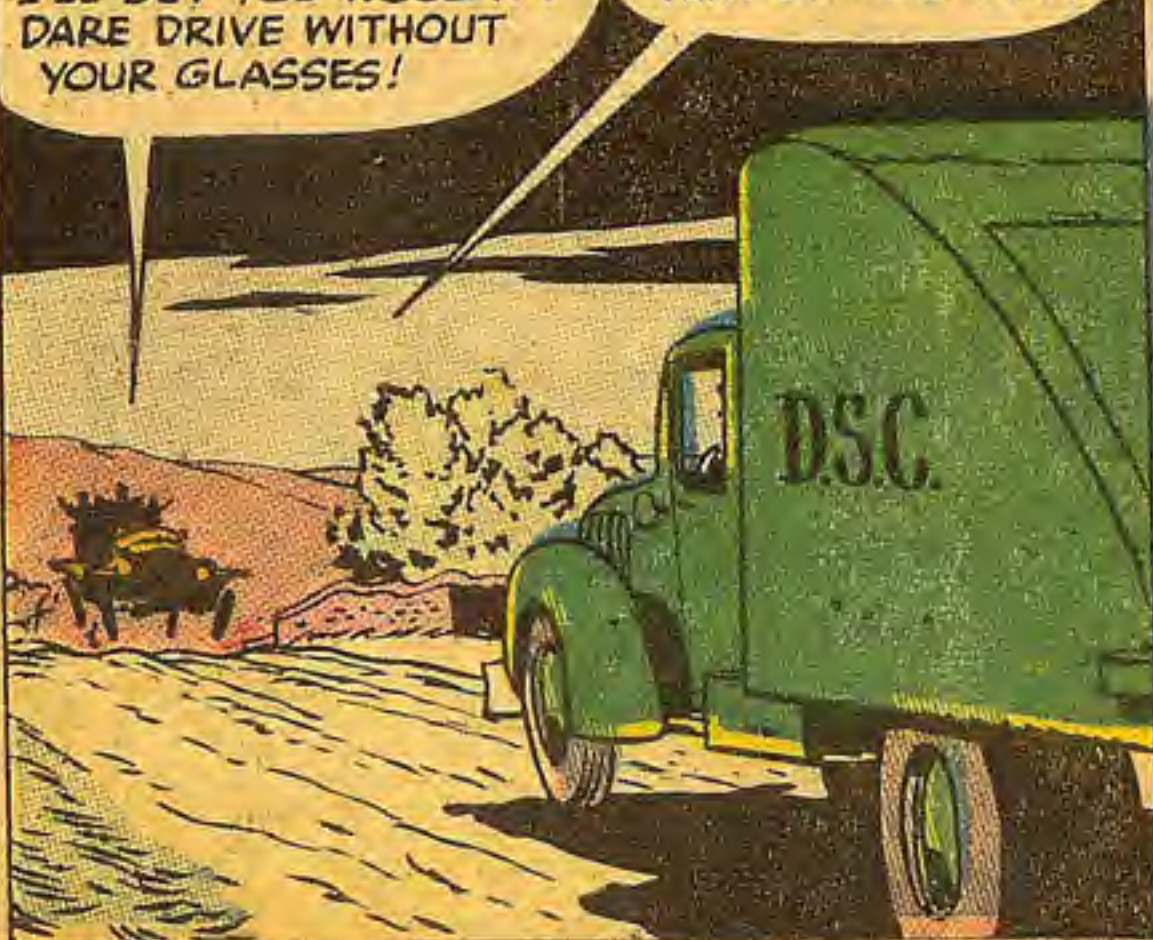
YAHOO! DON'T BE CHICKEN, OZZIE. GIVE 'ER THE GAS! YOU CAN GET MORE SPEED OUT OF THIS LIZZIE!

I'LL SHOW YOU, WISEGUY! I'LL OPEN HER UP TO 10 MILES AN HOUR!



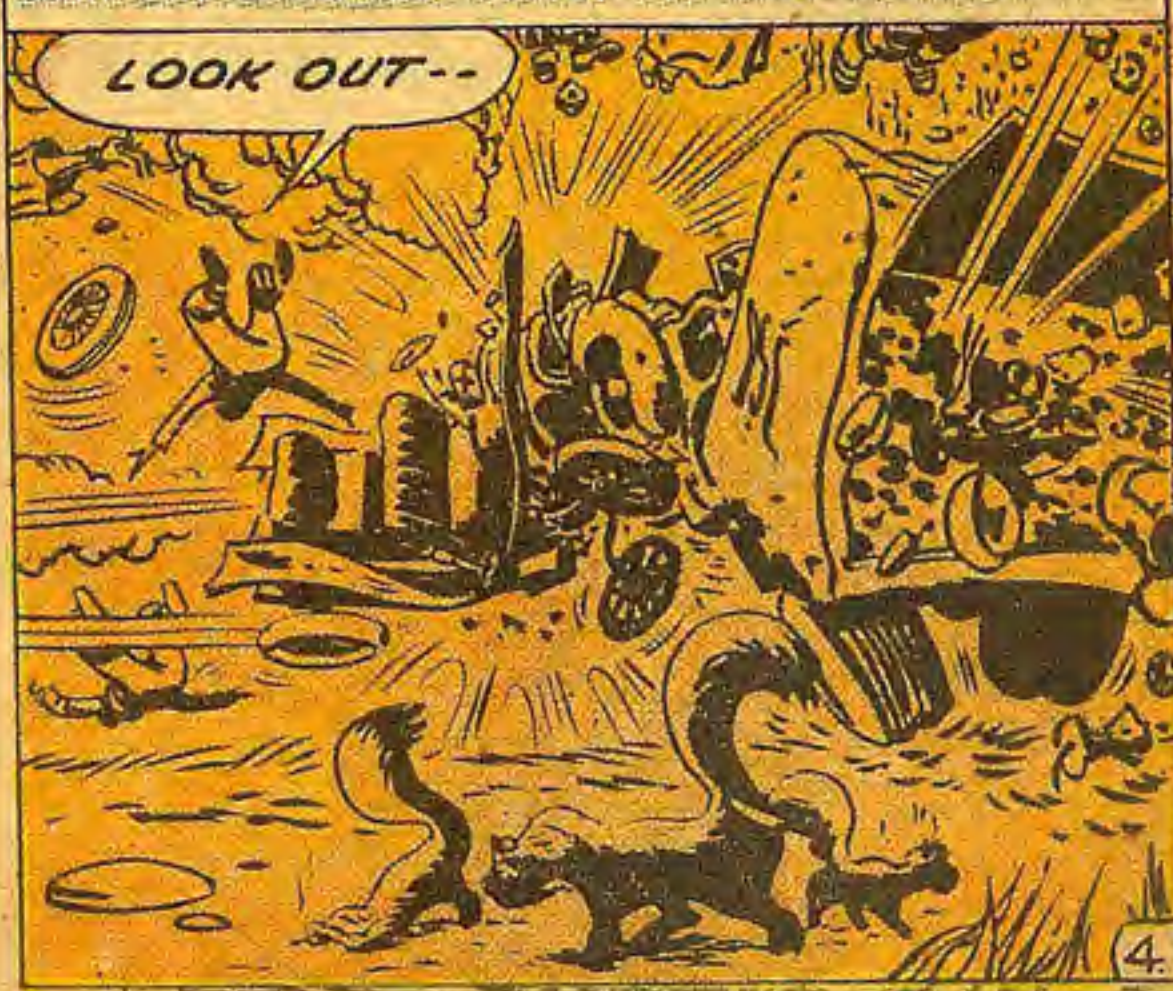
HAR! HAR! THAT'S THE STUFF, OZZIE! NOW, WE'RE TRAVELING! I'LL BET YOU WOULDN'T DARE DRIVE WITHOUT YOUR GLASSES!

OH, MAX! YOU CRAZY OLD-AGER! YOU MUSTN'T EGG HIM ON THIS WAY!



THOSE IRRESPONSIBLE OLD DOGS! I JUST COULDN'T MAKE THEM LISTEN TO ME -- WHEN WE SAW THE GARBAGE TRUCK -- IT WAS TOO LATE --

LOOK OUT --



From Here To INSANITY

THE PAPERS WERE FULL OF OUR ESCAPE! THE NEXT DAY, I WAS INVOLVED IN ONE OF MAX'S MANY SCANDALS. THE FINGER OF SCORN WAS POINTED AT ME...

WOW! MAHRONE!

DAILY SHLOCK

IT'S A BUM RAP CRIES MUD

SENILE DELINQUENTS AT IT AGAIN! CRASH INTO GARBAGE TRUCK! MIRIAM MUDPACK AMONG JAILED MERRYMAKERS!

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS CLAIM GARBAGE TRUCK DRIVER

WHAT A MESS!

DAILY SQUIRT

MIRIAM MUDPACK BRANDED AS

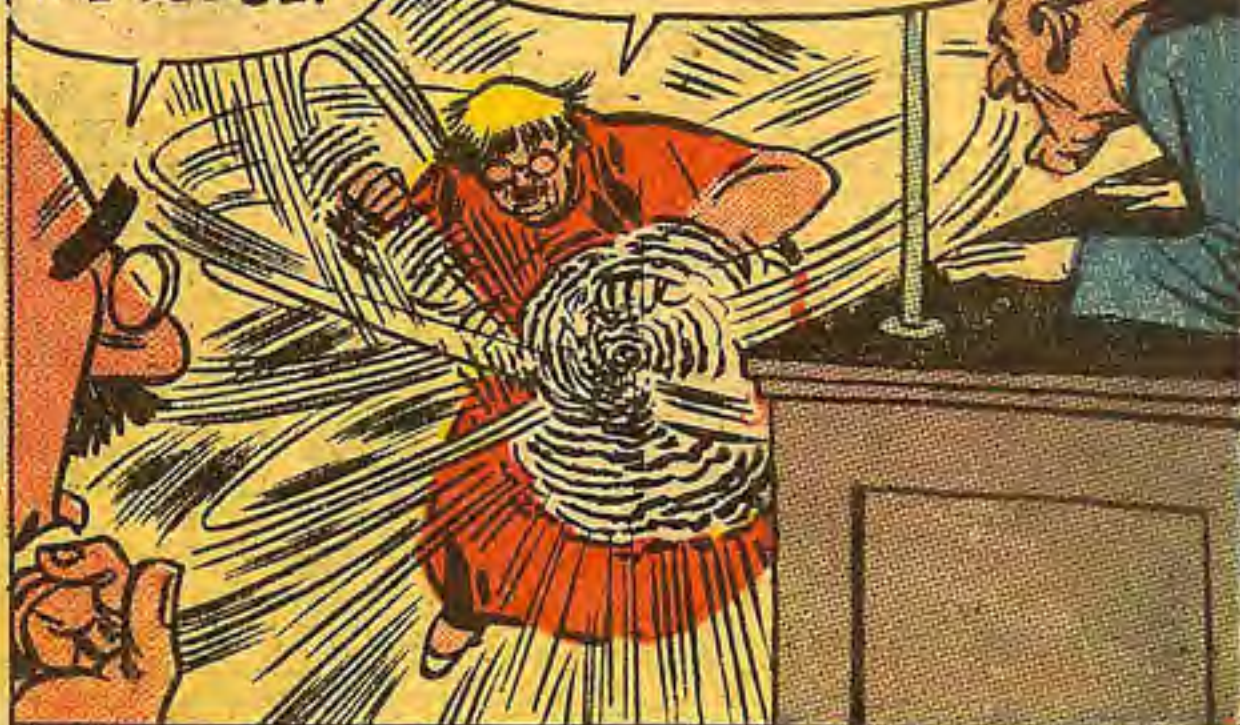
SHOCKING! OUT-RAGEOUS! TSK-TSK

OH MY!

HOW CAN I DESCRIBE MY SHAME WHEN I APPEARED IN COURT FOR SENTENCING!

STOP IT! STOP IT!
DON'T CRY!
TEARS UPSET THE JUDGE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM! CAN'T HE SEE THAT I'M NOT THE TYPE OF GIRL WHO DOES WILD, RECKLESS, VIOLENT TYPES OF THINGS--



IT WAS NO USE. THE JUDGE WOULDN'T LISTEN -- NOT EVEN AFTER I'D BENT HIS EARS OUT OF SHAPE. HE WAS A STERN, UNFORGIVING MAN.

I'M THROWING THE BOOK AT YOU!



I WAS SENT TO WOMEN'S PRISON -- A FRAGILE, BROKEN FLOWER AT THE MERCY OF CRIMINAL COMPANIONS...

HOW ABOUT IT, SHORTY! I'LL GIVE YOUSE A BOTTLE OF HEAD LOTION IF YOU BREAK THE CELL BARS.

BEAT IT! I ONLY WISH TO PAY MY DEBT TO SOCIETY!



SHE'S NOTHIN' BUT A FAT STOOLIE! LET 'ER HAVE IT, ESTELLE!

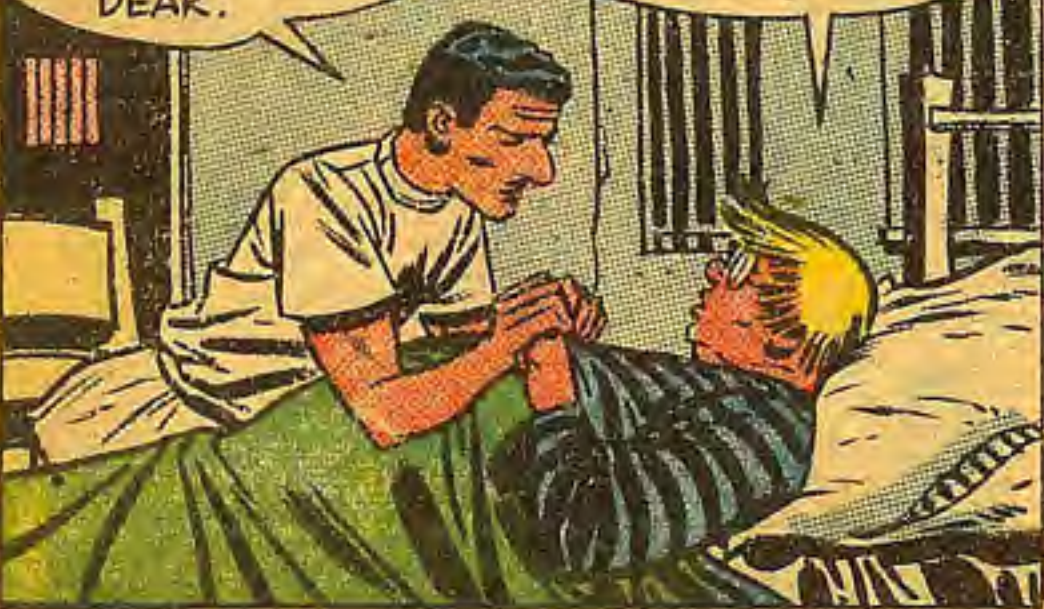
SHE'LL LEARN WHO'S BOSS HERE, MYRNA!



ALTHOUGH, I BEAT THE STUFFING OUT OF TEN OF MY FELLOW INMATES, I ENDED UP IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL -- IN THE CARE OF HANDSOME DOCTOR GUERNSEY GALLBLADDER.

YOU'RE **REALLY** A GOOD GIRL, MIRIAM! AND WHAT A **LEFT HOOK!** I WANT TO HELP YOU, MY DEAR.

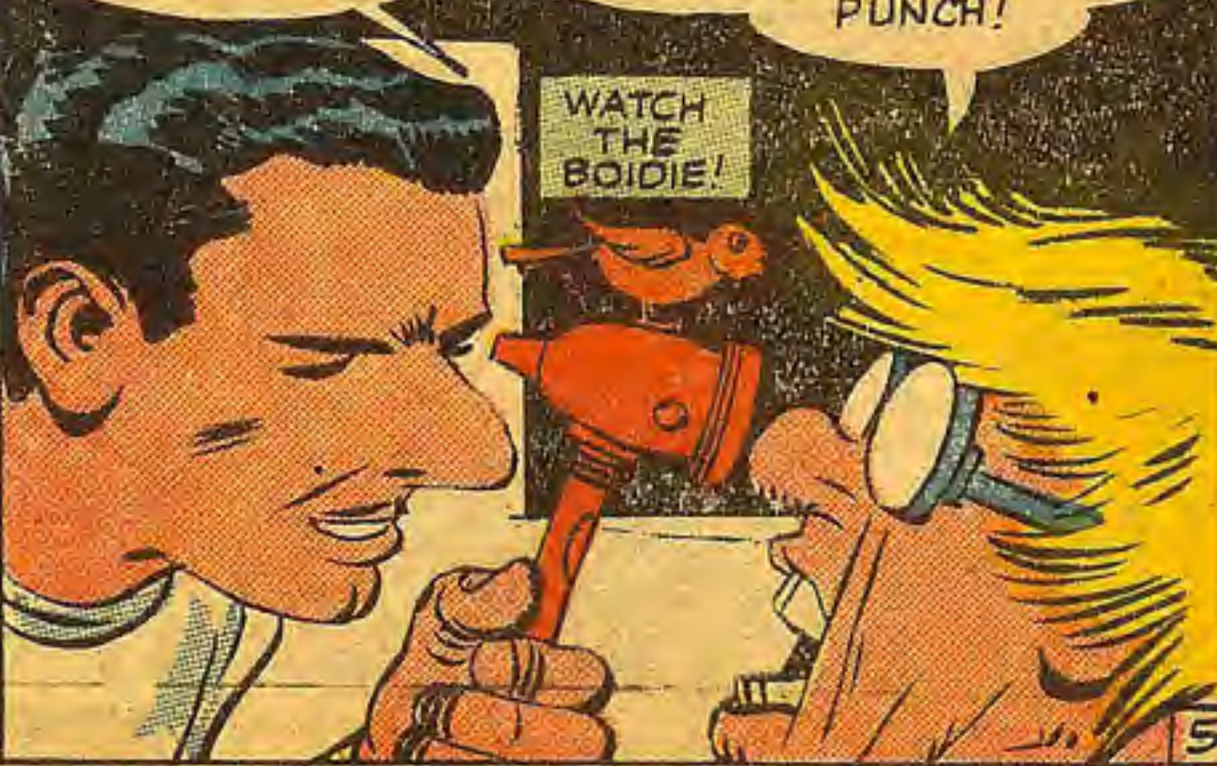
I KNEW IT! MY BEAUTY IS A CURSE! Y-YOU MUSTN'T FALL FOR ME. I-I'M **BAD** FOR YOU.



WHO CARES!

LISTEN, MY SWEET -- STICK WITH ME AND I'LL MAKE YOU POWDERWEIGHT CHAMP OF THE WORLD. YOU'LL BE RICH, FAMOUS, --- HAPPY.

SO THAT'S IT! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST A MAN! TAKE YOUR BAND-AIDS AND GO -- BEFORE I GET YOU WITH A RABBIT PUNCH!



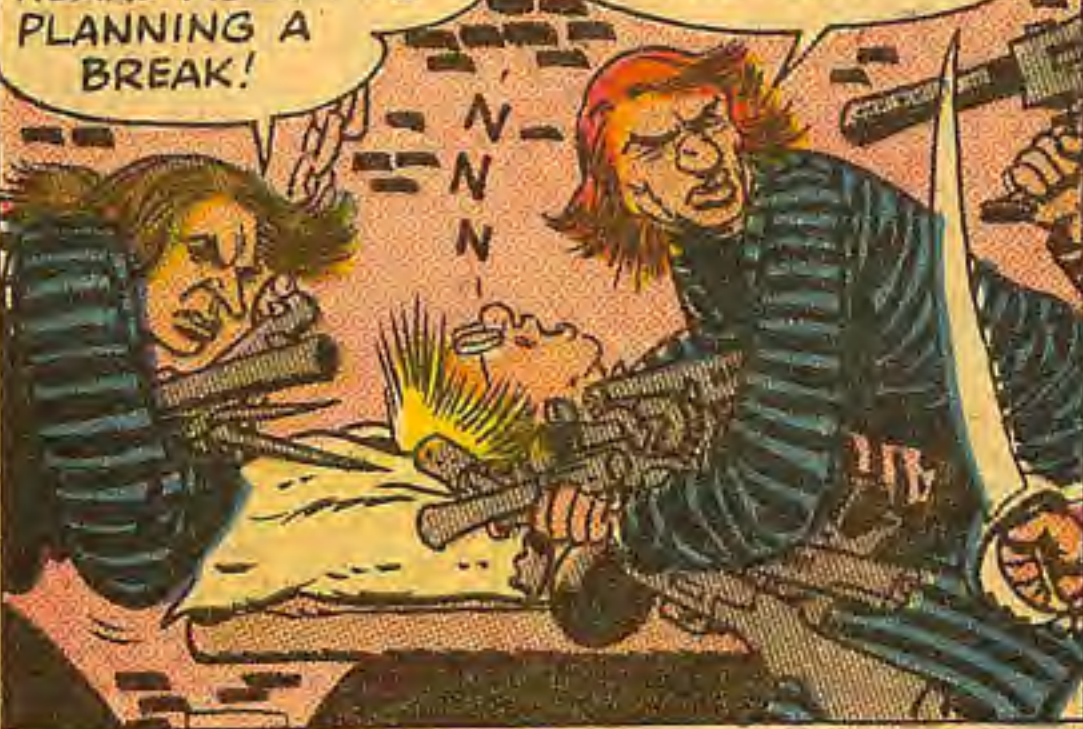
WATCH THE BOIDIE!

From Here To INSANITY

HOW LONG WAS I TO SUFFER WITH TORMENT, TRAGEDY AND DISASTER BEFORE I FOUND THE END OF THE RAINBOW AND TRUE LOVE? BUT DESTINY WAS TO STRIKE ANOTHER CRUEL BLOW!

QUICK! THE WARDEN'S COMING! SHE MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT US PLANNING A BREAK!

PUT THE GUNS UNDER MIRIAM'S PILLOW! LET *HER* TAKE THE RAP!



I AWOKE TO FIND MYSELF THE VICTIM OF A VICIOUS PLOT. ONCE MORE I WAS A FIGURE OF SCORN.

SHE MUST BE THE RINGLEADER! TAKE HER AWAY!

BUT I--

GET GOING! I NEVER SAW ANYBODY *THIS* LOADED!



I SPENT THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS IN SOLITARY--THINKING ONLY OF THE FUTURE AHEAD--AND NORBERT SWINEBERGER.

OH, NORBERT. WILL I *EVER* SEE YOU AGAIN? I WONDER IF YOU STILL TAKE YOUR TEN O'CLOCK YOGURT BOTTLE...



THE WONDERFUL DAY ARRIVED WHEN I WAS RELEASED ON GOOD BEHAVIOR SO I COULD DO MY SUFFERING IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

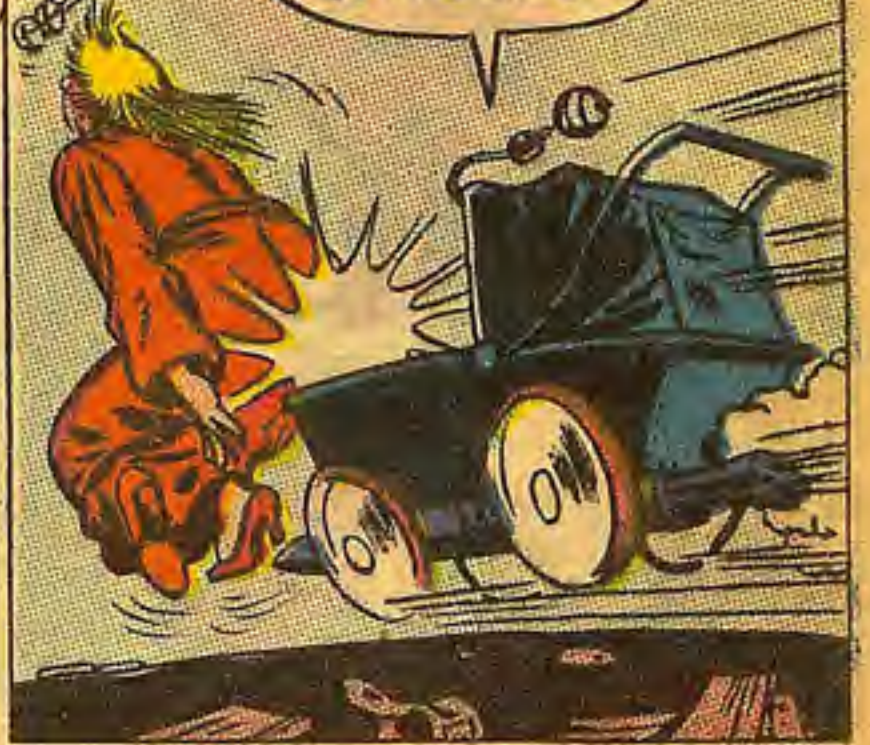
YOU'RE ONLY 85. YOU CAN STILL MAKE A GO OF THINGS.. GOOD LUCK--

THANKS, WARDEN. YOU'VE BEEN A MESS THROUGH THIS WHOLE UGLY MESS.



I VOWED TO MOVE TO ANOTHER TOWN--I'D CHANGE MY NAME FROM MIRIAM MUDDPACK TO CORLISS MUDDPACK. BUT I COULDN'T ESCAPE MY DESTINY--NORBERT--WHO RAN INTO ME ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON...

WHOOOPS



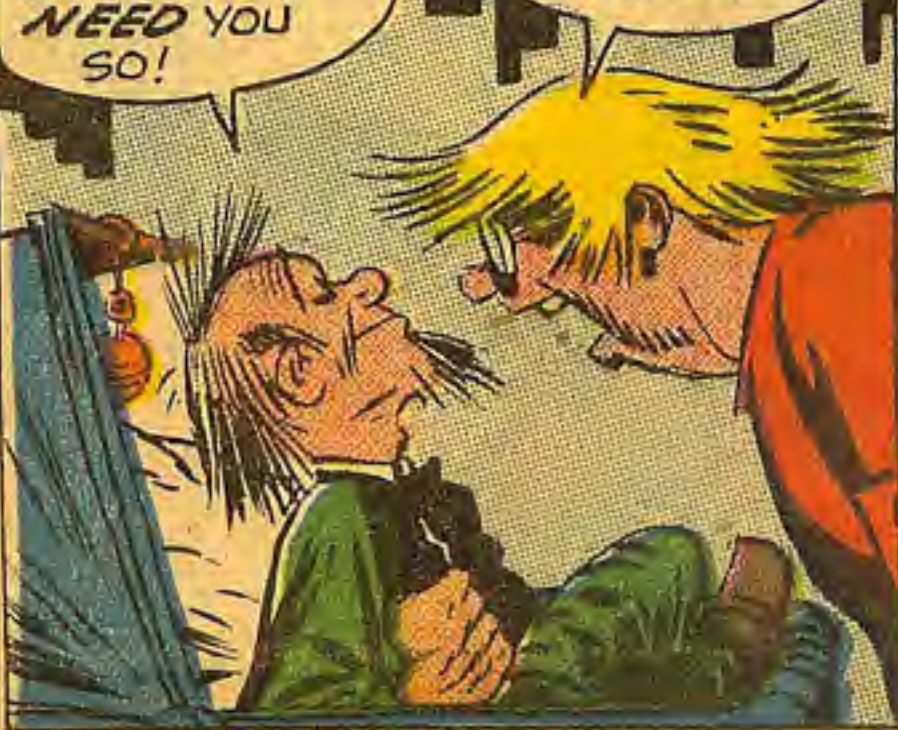
WHY, NORBERT! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A *BIT*!

MIRIAM! MY OWN SWEET LOVE! YOU LOOK SO PALE. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN--IN SING SING? *HAWW!* THAT'S JUST A LITTLE JOKE!



COME BACK TO ME, SWEET! I'VE BEEN ALL ALONE SINCE MOTHER WAS SIGNED TO A MOVIE CONTRACT. I *NEED* YOU SO!

HOW CAN I *RESIST* YOU, YOU CUDDLY LITTLE TWERP! I'M *YOURS*, NORBERT--FOREVER MORE!



WE WERE LATER MARRIED IN THE LITTLE DIAPER LAUNDRY AROUND THE CORNER. WE'VE BEEN DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY EVER SINCE. BUT MY LUMBAGO HAS BEEN TROUBLING ME LATELY--AND I'VE GOT FOURTEEN NEW CAVITIES--AND MY BROTHER MAX IS IN JAIL AGAIN--AND I'M BEING SUED BY JOHN'S OTHER WIFE--AND...

The END

From Here To INSANITY

EXPRESSIONS...

ON HIS RECENT VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY FROM HIS HOME OVERSEAS, PROFESSOR WOLFGANG VON BAGLEWEISS WAS INTERVIEWED BY "INSANITY'S" ACE REPORTER... (HE GETS SATURDAYS OFF FROM A REST HOME). THESE ARE THE REACTIONS OF THIS NOTED AUTHORITY ON ANYTHING!



IS THIS YOUR FIRST VISIT TO THE STATES?



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR BIG BUSTLING CITIES?



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF GIRLS?



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BOYS?



HOW DO YOU VIEW THE FUTURE IN RESPECT TO ECONOMIC STABILIZATION IN WORLD MARKETS?



BY THE WAY--HOW IS YOUR DEAR WIFE?



AS A FAMOUS NAME IN THE FIELD OF ORNITHOLOGY, DO YOU FIND YOUR JOB EXCITING?



WHO DO YOU THINK WOULD BE THE PERFECT MAN FOR ZA ZA GABOR?



ON THE SUBJECT OF WOMEN--CAN A WOMAN DO ANYTHING A MAN CAN?



WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD A MILLION DOLLARS?



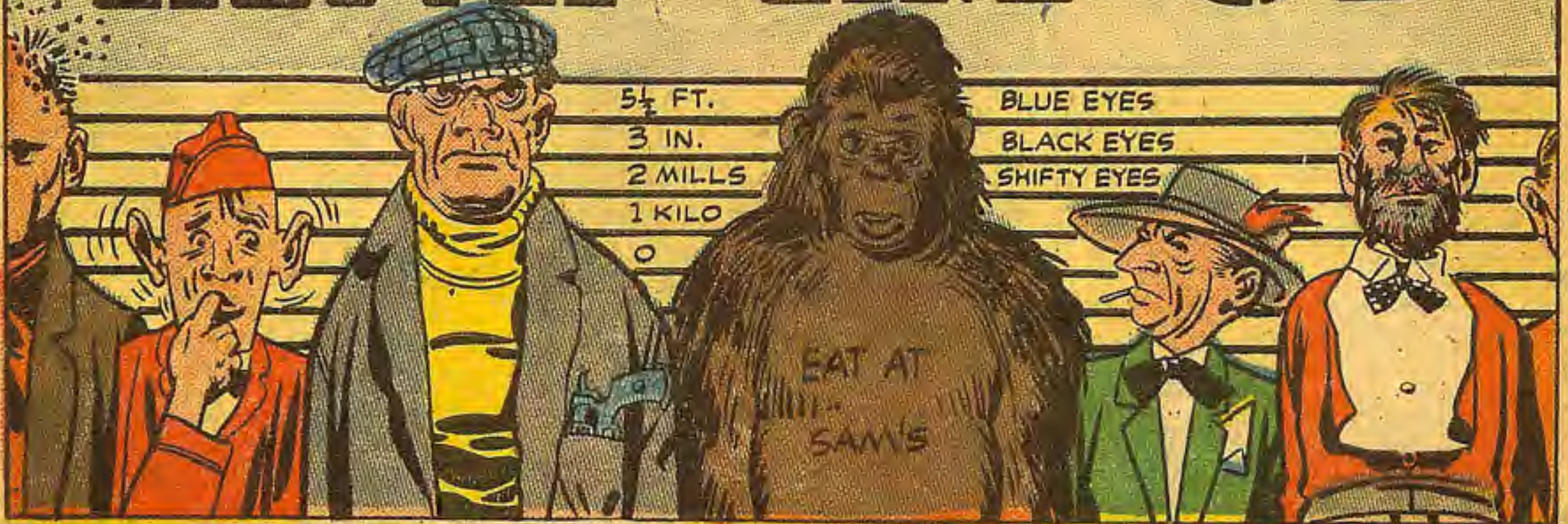
AFTER ALL ITS TROUBLES, DO YOU THINK THE WORLD WILL STAY RIGHT SIDE UP?

The END

From Here To INSANITY

NOW FOR A STARK, REALISTIC GLIMPSE OF HOW THEY BOOK A SHNOOK WHO MIGHT BE A CROOK... FROM THAT MORBID MELODRAMA OF TV---

LINE 'EM UP



I'M SERGEANT BUTTERBALL. THIS IS INSPECTOR EGGYOKE! YOU'RE A MANGY AUDIENCE, AND THESE CRUMS IN THE REAR ARE BLACK-HEARTED CRIMINAL SUSPECTS!

THAT'S IT, SERGEANT--KEEP IT SWEET BUT DOCUMENTARY!



WHERE ARE THE GIRLS? WHEN DO WE GET TO SEE THE FIFTY GORGEOUS GIRLS?

SO WHO'S THIS VOICE FROM THE CHEAP SEATS?



WHADDYA MEAN, WHO'S? ISN'T THIS THE ROYALE THEATRE? ISN'T THIS THE ALL GIRLIE REVUE OF 1955?

NO, YOU DUMMY! THIS IS A GRIM, FRIGHTENING SAGA OF HUMAN BEASTS AT WORK AND AT PLAY!



I'VE BEEN ROBBED! I WANT MY MONEY BACK! WHO NEEDS THIS?

KEEP YOUR SEAT, OR I'LL CLOBBER YA! THE SHOW MUST GO ON!



AND NOW FOR THE FIRST NUMBER--ER, I MEAN, THE FIRST HOOD ON THE PROGRAM, HARRY COLESLAW, ALIAS GROUND GLASS GIBLIN, ALIAS--AW--STEP FORWARD! WHAT WERE YOU PULLED IN FOR?

I-I DON'T KNOW-- I CAME IN TO DELIVER A SALAMI SANDWICH TO THE INSPECTOR-- AND HERE I AM!



A LIKELY STORY! STEP BACK! NOW, YOU--- CHARMING CHARLIE CHOWDERHEAD, ARRESTED FOR ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON--

MERELY DOING RESEARCH ON MY COLLEGE THESIS ON HUMAN RELATIONS... THAT'S ALL, SERGEANT---



From Here To INSANITY



A STORY THAT SMELLS UP THE WHOLE PRECINCT! AND YOU... I SUPPOSE YOU'RE A **COLLEGE BOY**, TOO!

YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE **MY STORY!** I WANTTA SEE A **LAWYER!!**



MEANWHILE, AMONG THE **BORED SPECTATORS...**

HOW ABOUT IT, MRS. FREEMIS.. CAN YOU IDENTIFY ANY OF THESE CREEPS AS YOUR MISSING HUSBAND?

WE-L-L... NO... BUT THEY'RE ALL BETTER LOOKING THAN MY MARLON!



I'D SAY HE IS MORE LIKE **YOUR TYPE**, INSPECTOR-- BLOODSHOT EYES-- PASTY COMPLEXION, A TYPICAL READER OF "FROM HERE TO INSANITY."

B-BUT, I-I ONLY READ **"GULP..." "WANTED" POSTERS!**



YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, MARLON... I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE! COME TO ME, MY MELANCHOLY BABY!



DON'T FIGHT ME, MARLON-- I'M BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US-- YOU LIVING DOLL--



SAY-- HAS THE INSPECTOR **REALLY GONE?**

YEAH--! IT WAS **REAL WILD, MAN!**



WELL, WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S PUT ON A **REAL SHOW!** HIT IT, MEN!! A **PRETTY GIR-RR-LLL** IS LIKE A **MEL-OH-DEE!**

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

WOWEE!

KEEP DANCIN' TOWARD THE EXITS, BOYS!

YOU! IN THE **BALD HEADED ROW-- SIT DOWN!!**

From Here To INSANITY

Produced by
**MANIACS
ANONYMOUS**
A WILD, HAPPY
GROUP

the **PSYCHO NEWS**

Weather Report
**WHO CARES?
WHY FIGHT
THESE THINGS?**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF..... **MILO SHRIEKLY**
GUARD IN CHARGE OF EDITOR-IN-CHIEF..... **GEORGE CLOBBER**
PSYCHIATRIST IN ATTENDANCE..... **BUSBY FLAMMIS**

EDITORIAL STAFF

BERTHA SHOCKMEISTER
J. VITUS MCTREMBLE

ELDRIDGE NIGHTMARE
MADLEIGH WOLFCRY

An Editorial

Let the normal, intelligent people go neurotic over atom bombs, taxes and bad television tubes. We mental incompetents have problems of our own. That's why we publish the Psycho News. If there is anything unfit to print we idiots want to read it. So what if it isn't the truth? We have twice as much fun with lies! We know a victim of hallucinations who's read nothing but lies for the past fifty years. He's still hale and hearty and violent at the age of 85. His sane brother gave up at 38 because he read the truth—that he was bankrupt.

So—get the Psycho News, you madcaps! If you want to tremiphor like a tryse in a high-wind or catricork on a grabe—Well, run to your nearest Ladrifoyd and buy a trummel. You'll never feel worse!

MILLION SUBWAY RIDERS LOST IN BROOKLYN



**BRAINGLESS ESCAPEE GIVES WRONG
DIRECTIONS**

UNIVERSAL SEWER TRAINING URGED

**BY VIGILANT, PANIC-STRICKEN
DEMONSTRATORS**

Apprehended by police after a frenzied speech to his motley followers, J. Frederick Manhole, leader of "Sewers On Guard," stated:

"WE MUST BE READY. An enemy invasion of our sewers would leave us gasping and off balance."

Friends



**FRIENDLY FREDERICK POSES HAPPILY WITH
HIS CAPTORS AS HE IS MUGGED, BOOKED
AND SENT UP FOR A 30-YEAR STRETCH**

From Here To INSANITY

SWEEPSTAKES WINNER CONFUSED AT \$160,000 PRIZE

"I must have been out of my mind to buy that ticket," wails eccentric heir to millions.

Only Insane Owl Discovered In Vicinity of 38th Street Garbage Dump

Just doesn't give a hoot, claim psychiatrists.

PARANOID DRIVEN SANE WITH JEALOUSY

TRAPS BETROTHED AND TWELVE ESCORTS IN SUBWAY TURNSTILE

"She was a fairweather sweetheart. We never had a date in a rainstorm. That's what aroused my suspicions," cried Merkwel Spang, as a police battalion of the 415th precinct fought to extricate his victims from his maniacal handiwork. Spang, a former comic artist, came to this city from Scatterbrain, Ohio, where he was ridden out on a rail in 1948.

SCHIZOPHRENIC PICKED UP IN POLICE SEARCH FOR CAT BURGLAR

"It must have been two other cats," is suspects only statement.

"WORLD WILL END IN 1955"

Says Learned Manic-Depressive

John Hangjaw would give but one answer when queried about his sensational findings . . . Quote . . . "And I don't give a Fiddler's Cadenza!"

MAD DOGS

now on sale at
SMOTKEY'S PET SHOP

They're not only house-broken but they can break out of anything with four walls.

WE ALSO SELL..



Psychotic
Parrots
•
Bucolic
Monkeys
•
Sawed
Off
Dachshunds
•
Razor
Back
Hogs

Call: Distemper 3-0051

SQUARE DANCE FOR LONG HAIRS

TONIGHT AT THE
SNOB HILL
CASINO

BOYS — BRING GIRLS
GIRLS — COME ANYWAY

Leopold Skudnick and his symphonic orchestra will play Bach, Beethoven and Brahms (in a four-handed match with three second rest periods)



From Here To INSANITY

GOOD MORNING, DAAHLINGS! WE KNOW IT'S A MISERABLE MORNING, AND YOU HATE TO GET OUT OF BED...BUT YOU HAVE TO... AND YOU FEEL LIKE KILLING SOMEONE! THAT'S WHY WE'RE ON THE AIR!-- WHO ELSE COULD STIMULATE YOUR HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES MORE THAN THOSE SICKENING SWEETHEARTS OF RADIO-LAND?

DOROTHY and DIGBY..

That Famous **HUSBAND and WIFE TEAM!**

BROADCASTING FROM THEIR
LITTLE APARTMENT, WHICH
IS JUST LIKE YOURS!



HELLO ONCE AGAIN! THIS IS DOROTHY BROADCASTING RIGHT FROM OUR COZY LITTLE 18 ROOM APARTMENT!----I'M ABOUT TO WHIP UP BREAKFAST FOR US! DIGBY IS STILL SLEEPING LIKE A LAMB IN OUR NEW SHLOCKMAN "PRETTY PRINCESS" BED...

IS BREAKFAST
READY,
CHARMAIGNE?

YES, MA'AM--
CUDDLY WARM...
JUST THE WAY
YOU LIKE IT!



COMPLIMENTS
OF DIRTY
EDDIE'S
DISCRIMINATING
MEALS AT
DAWN!

HOW WELL I KNOW! THE
GREASY FINGER MARKS
OF EVERY WELL-KNOWN
CELEBRITY ARE ALL
OVER THE PLACE!



From Here To INSANITY

AND THEIR **BACON**... AAA!
YOU MUST HAVE SOME OF
THEIR DELICIOUS BACON!
IT'S MADE BY EDDIE HIM-
SELF, A FORMER CELEBRATED
JOCKEY, AND A GREAT
JUDGE OF HORSEFLESH!



TOO TRUE,
YOU BLUE
RIBBON
DOLL,
YOU!

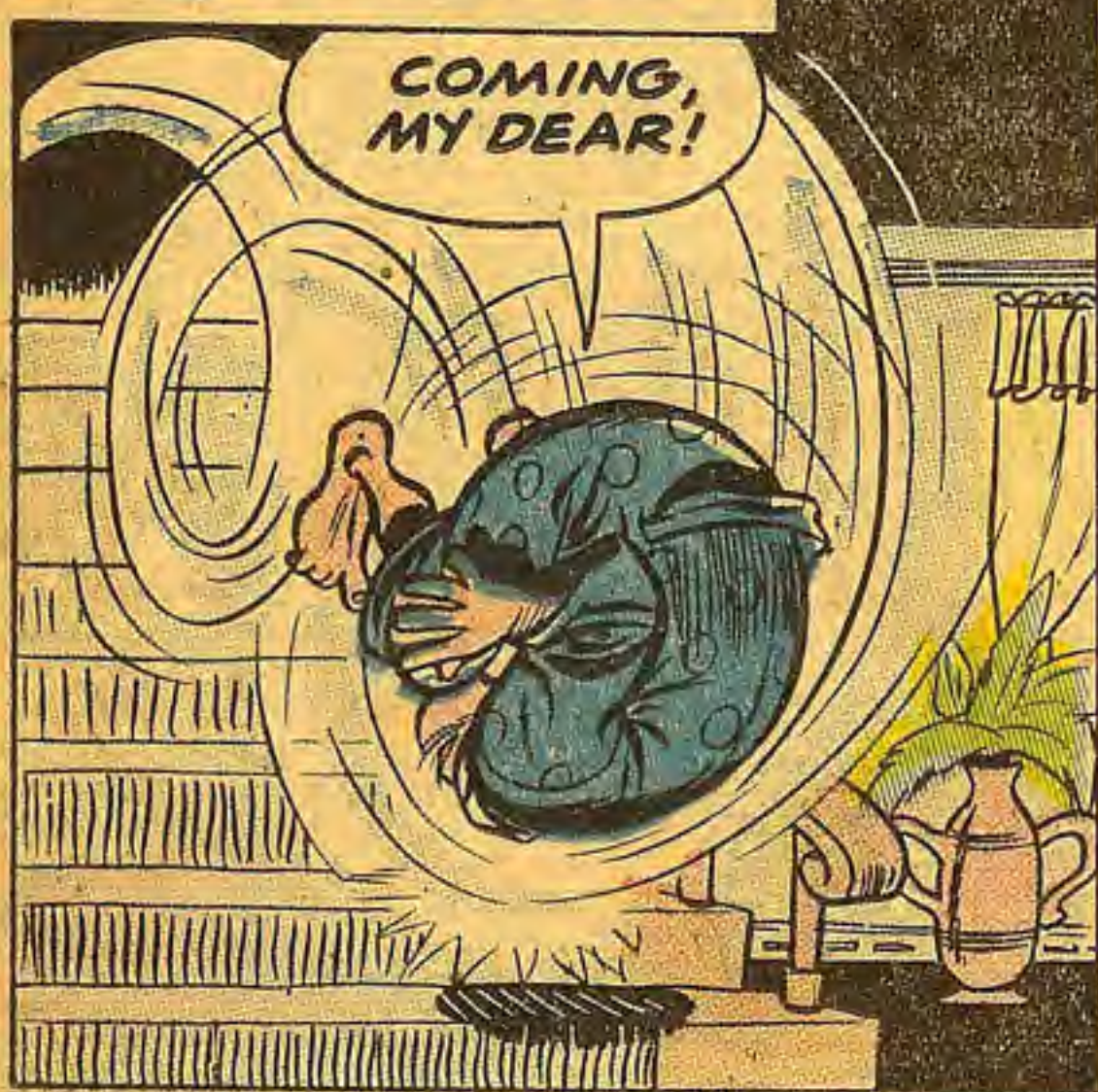
I THINK DIGBY SHOULD BE
AWAKE BY NOW--I THINK
I'LL CALL HIM! OHHH,
DIGBY... DIGBEEE,
MY SWEET!!



HEY, DIGBY!!
ROLL OUT OF
THAT SACK!



COMING,
MY DEAR!



DIGBY! YOU
WOULD HAVE
BROKEN YOUR NECK
IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR OUR **SNELBY'S**
LITTLE STAIR
CUSHIONS!

THEY'RE SIMPLY A
MUST IN THE
HOME... AND SO
INEXPENSIVE, TOO!
THEY COME IN THREE
COLORS... LIVER BILE
BLUE... SICKLY PINK,
AND HENNA RINSE!



ISN'T THAT A ---
HORRIBLY DEPRESSING,
CHILLY, WET DRIZZLE
OUTSIDE! BUT **WE**
DON'T MIND IT,
DO WE, DEAR?

NOT WHILE WE HAVE
EACH OTHER -- **38**
SPONSORS AND
A BULGING BANK
ACCOUNT, DIGBY!



THAT'S MY ROMANTIC,
SENTIMENTAL, LITTLE
SWEETHEART! YOU STILL
LOOK AS PRETTY AS THE
DAY I WED YOU -- **WITH**
A SAWED-OFF
SHOTGUN AT
MY BACK!

FLATTERER! YOU
KNOW I KEEP MY
GOOD LOOKS BY
USING **NETTIE**
BOSTON BEAN'S
COSMETICS! -- THEY
NEVER CORK UP
YOUR PORES!



From Here To INSANITY



From Here To INSANITY



From Here To INSANITY

REX MORTGAGE M.D.?



HE'S THE GUY WHO KNOWS THE INSIDE STORY OF MAN'S WAR AGAINST **UNHEALTHINESS!** YES, THIS IS ONE OF MANY BRAVE DOCTORS... THE MAN WHO CONQUERED THE DREADED DISEASE KNOWN AS... **JUMPING JAZZ!**

IF THIS BECOMES TOO BRUTAL... SKIP TO ANOTHER STORY!

WITHIN THE GERM-FREE WALLS OF MOUTHWASH MEDICAL CLINIC, **DOCTOR REX MORTGAGE** STUDIES THE X-RAY FILM OF A NEW PATIENT--AND GASPS IN HORROR AT WHAT HIS PROFESSIONAL EYE DETECTS! (THE OTHER ONE HE USES FOR READING COMICS).

NURSE ALE! CALL DOCTOR HEMSTITCH AND DOCTOR BLOODBANK TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE!

BUT YOU PLAYED GIN RUMMY ONLY **YESTERDAY,** DOCTOR!



NO, YOU SILLY, GORGEOUS, LITTLE **FOOL!** I WANT THEM HERE TO VERIFY MY DIAGNOSIS OF THIS X-RAY!

I'LL LURE THEM HERE IMMEDIATELY, DOCTOR MORTGAGE!



TEN EXCITING MINUTES LATER---

HERE THEY ARE, DOCTOR! **?PUFF--PUFF?**



GENTLEMEN... **GENTLEMEN!** HERE'S SOMETHING YOU **REALLY** OUGHT TO LOOK AT!



MORTGAGE--THIS **BETTER** BE INTERESTING! I'VE HAD A DULL DAY--THREE BRAIN OPERATIONS AND A PAIR OF SIAMESE TONSILS!



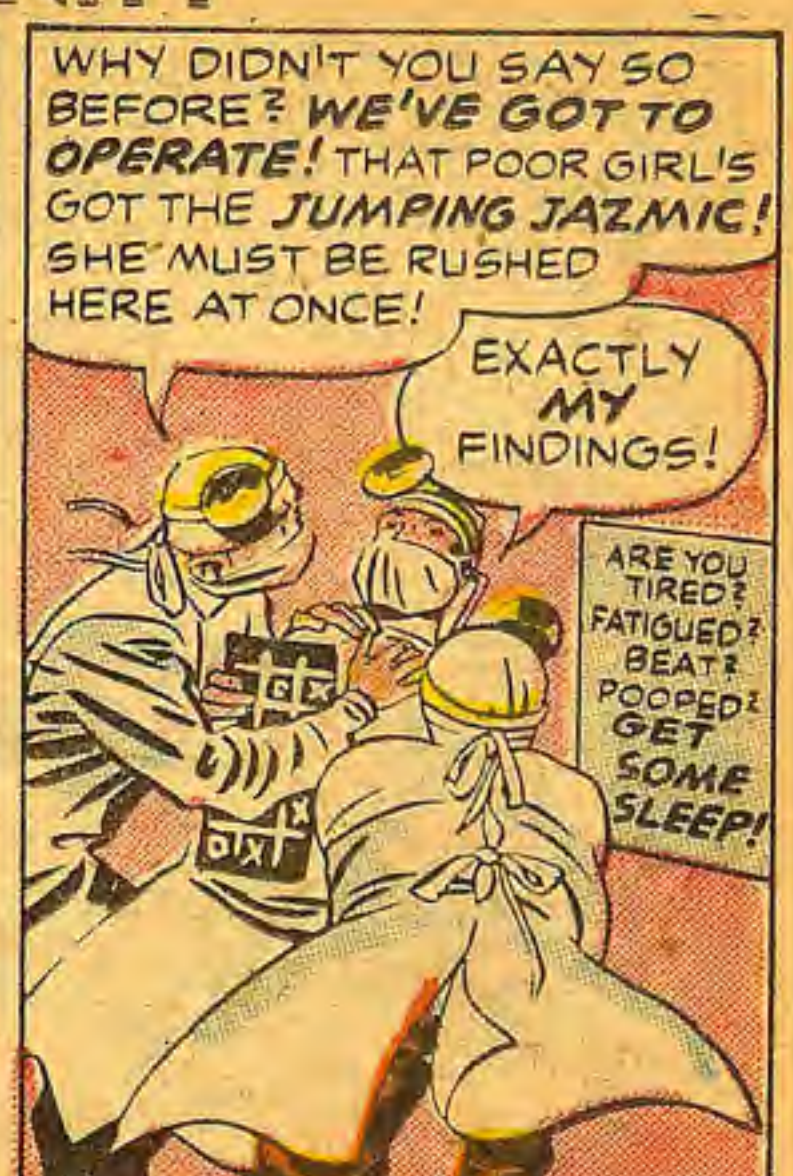
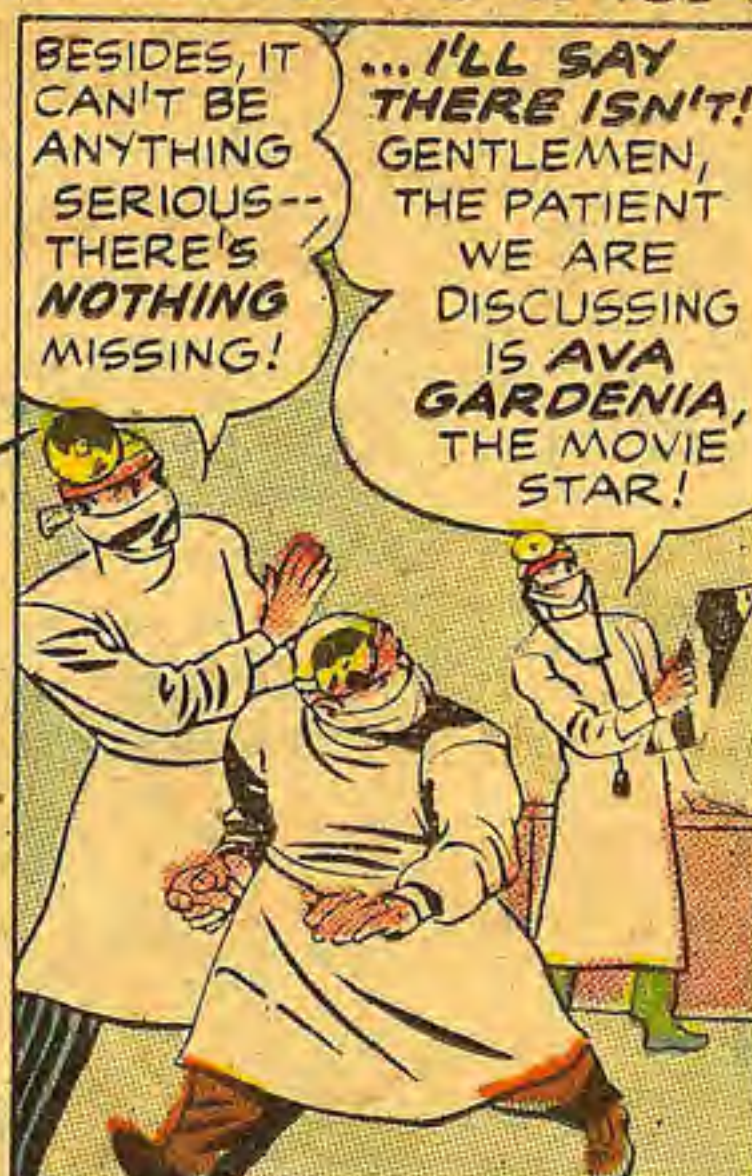
AND I HAD A BAD CASE OF HIVES!

LOOK HERE--- IN THE SPAVULAR REGION--WHERE THE ESPRINOIDAL VALVE CLOSES ON THE SKAM--

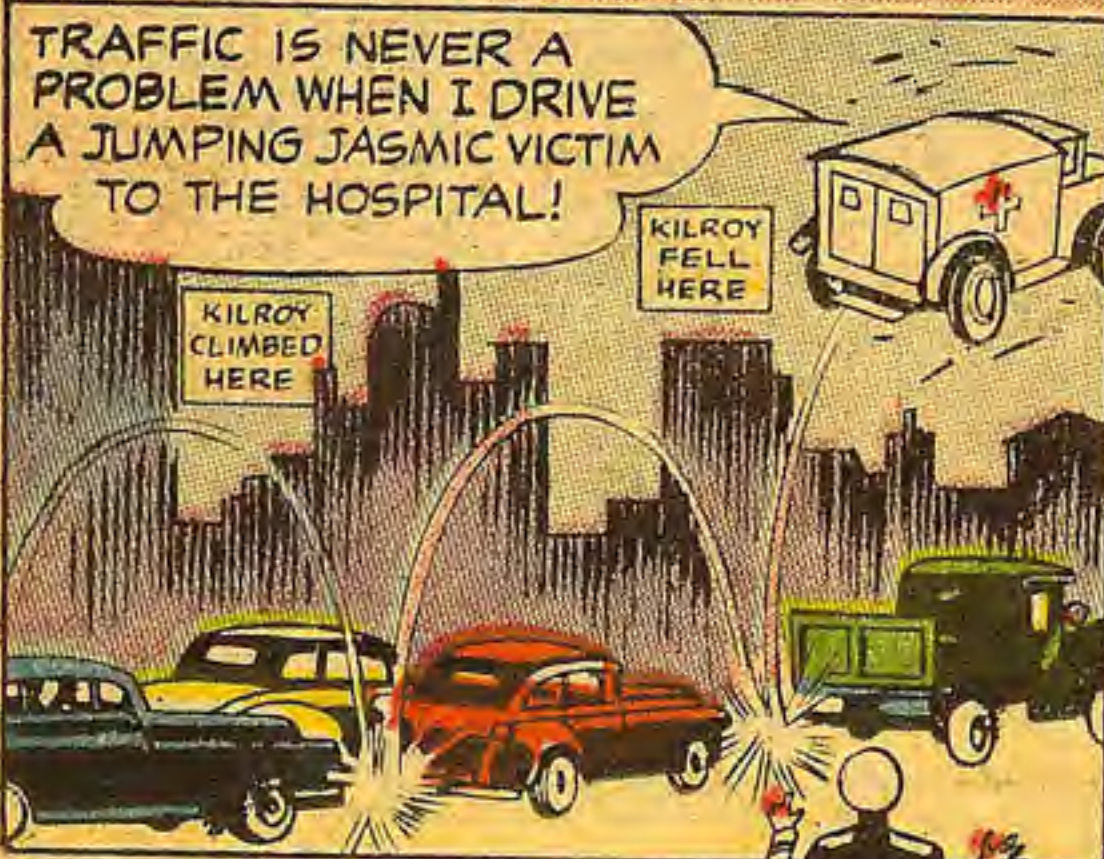
YES--YES-- I SEE IT! THERE-- IN THE GANDY SAC--



From Here To INSANITY



HOW CAN ONE DESCRIBE THE JUMPING JAZMIC? IT DOESN'T DEVELOP LIKE OTHER DISEASES-- **IT JUST STRIKES!** AND, LET ME TELL YOU, BOY-- NOT ONE OF ITS UNSUSPECTING VICTIMS HAS EVER FAILED TO **JUMP!** THUS, IN THIS TRAGIC STATE, IS **AVA GARDENIA** BROUGHT TO THE CLINIC---



From Here To INSANITY

YOU MONKEYS HAD BETTER **FIND** A CURE! I'M FATAL-FINGERED FARFEL, THE LOVING HUSBAND OF AVA GARDENIA! IF SHE COMES OUT WITH JUMPING JAZMIC--

--- W-WE'LL COME DOWN WITH LEAD POISONING! THINK OF SOMETHING, MORTGAGE-- **ANYTHING!**

REX MORTGAGE MUST ACT QUICKLY... A LIFE IS AT STAKE-- **HIS!!** FORMULA AFTER FORMULA FLASHES ACROSS HIS MIND-- AS THE CLOCK TICKS AWAY THE PRECIOUS MINUTES-- AND THE TENSION MOUNTS---

LOOK! SUPPOSE WE TAKE 22 C.C.'S OF H_2SO_4 , AND ADD A GALLON OF HAPPY HOOKER'S **PANTHER OIL**...

YOU'RE GETTING WARM, MORTGAGE... IT MIGHT WORK!-- BUT I STILL THINK YOU'RE OFF BASE!

SUDDENLY, REX MORTGAGE'S EYES BLAZE WITH TRIUMPH-- HE FINDS THE ANSWER--!

I'VE FOUND THE **ANSWER!** COME ON, BLOODBANK-- THE OPERATION IS GOING ON AS SCHEDULED!

THE DOCTORS VANISH BEHIND THE DOORS OF THE OPERATING ROOM-- AS THE CLOCK KEEPS TICKING AWAY...

OPERATING ROOM
STRICTLY FOR SMALL TIME OPERATORS

NO KIDS UNDER TWELVE ADMITTED (UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY AN APPENDIX)

HOURS LATER, MORTGAGE RE-APPEARS AND MAKES THE HAPPY ANNOUNCEMENT---

THE OPERATION IS A SUCCESS!

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR INSTRUMENTS LEFT IN PATIENTS AFTER 30 DAYS!

KILROY EXPIRED HERE!

SURGERY MADE SIMPLE

THE REST IS HISTORY. MORTGAGE BECOMES A MEDICAL HERO!-- LATER, WHEN HE IS INTERVIEWED BY ADMIRING REPORTERS, HE IS ASKED---

TELL US, DOCTOR-- WHEN THE GOING GOT ROUGH-- WHEN ALL SEEMED LOST-- HOW DID YOU SOLVE THIS PUZZLING PROBLEM?

IT WAS ALL SO ABSURDLY SIMPLE, GENTLEMEN--

...I CALLED IN A SPECIALIST!!

YES, THE ONCE AGGRAVATING DISEASE, **JUMPING JAZMIC**, IS NO MORE! NOW, AVA GARDENIA IS KNOCKING 'EM DEAD... AT THE BOX OFFICE! BUT THE MARCH OF MEDICINE GOES ON! TOMORROW, THEY MAY FIND A CURE FOR ZAGMA... OR EVEN **SMELICOSIS!** OR EVEN THE **SEVEN DAY TWINGE!**

THE END

Beardless The Pirate

The capture, by the British Navy, of Blackbeard the Pirate caused an immediate crisis in the pirate's family.

Cutthroat Blackbeard, the eldest son, called a family conference. The family checked their flintlocks, cutlasses and eye-patches at the door and filed in, using #20 rat-tail files.

"Our income, last year was 27,000 pieces of eight, 6,000 pieces of four-and-a-half and a few bottle-tops," Cutthroat said. "With Father Blackbeard in quad, we'll make nothing this coming annum. One of us must, therefore, take his place and lead our pirate crew."

"How about you?" Grandfather Keelhaul Blackbeard suggested.

"I have a beard," Cutthroat explained. "The authorities, attributing Father's success to the length of his beard which frightened everybody, have prohibited beards on both high and low seas. They refuse to issue pirate licenses to anybody with a mop on his mouth."

"We all have beards," Uncle Mayhem Blackbeard observed. "Except your mother and sister."

"Don't look at me," Mother Blackbeard said. "The last time I trod the boards was when I was pushing victims off the plank for my dear husband!"

"That leaves you, Bertha," Cousin Blackguard Blackbeard said.

Bertha Blackbeard rose and boisterously swept the malted milk cups off the table. She danced a horn-pipe and then piped:

"I'll call myself Beardless the Pirate. Okay, everybody except ma, scram. Ma, you're signing on as a she-sea-cook."

Since everybody else in the pirate crew had beards, Bertha (Beardless) the Pirate put an ad in the Pirate Times for forty replacements. A crew of mothers-in-law, old battle axes and viragoes showed up the next morning with documents attesting that each was an old pirate.

Beardless the Pirate climbed to the deck. "Gentlemen — uh, ladies . . ." she began. "I mean, avast, ye swabs. Haul up the poop deck! Furl the main-mast. Break out the top'sls, the bottom'sls and the side'sls! We set sail for the Spanish Main within the hour or even sooner!"

By the end of the week they had already reached the Spanish Main.

"A mug of grog to the first lubber — I mean lubberess — who raises a sail!" shouted Captain Beardless.

Immediately some of the crew tried raising a sail in small flowerpots, but failed. Finally somebody raised a sail at a bargain sale in the ship's basement.

"Man — uh, woman the guns!" Captain Beardless yelled. "Pass out the passports! Starboard the larboard! Haul, to! Stove in the sea anchor! Strip the ship for action!"

Immediately the crew stripped the ship for action. They first stripped it of its guns which they threw overboard. Then they stripped it of its masts. Finally they stripped off the decks and used the planks for a fire over which they toasted a few marsh-mallows the first mate had found in a swamp.

Soon the sail that had been raised drew near the pirate craft. The second mate pointed out to beardless that it was only a sail and that there was no ship under it to loot.

"We can dream, can't we?" Beardless said.

In the dream, the pirate crew hurled lady-like threats at the crew of the other ship. In a trice and sometimes even tricer, the other crew hurled them back. Back and forth went the threats until they wore out and had to be re-treaded. Eventually the pirate crew went into fits and conniptions. First they'd fit one conniption on themselves and then another. None seemed to fit well and they gradually abandoned the sport.

"I'd string them all up!" Beardless muttered savagely. "I I had some string." She turned to the fourth mate. "But never fear, I still have a trick or two up my sleeve," she concluded, putting on a pair of sleeves that came with two tricks and three pairs of pants.

"Hearts, spades or no-trump?" the fifth mate asked.

There was no time to reply. The other ship was within half an inch of their own. Now Captain beardless showed her true colors. She whipped out a false beard colored dark black and put it on. Then she leaned over the side of her ship and frightened the crew of the other ship into submission.

"Take 'em amidships my hearties!" Beardless sang out. "Or anywhere else they're ticklish. And hurry up. The spirit-gum holding on this beard can't last forever!"

Swarming over the side, the lady pirate crew made short work of the other crew. There was little in the other ship besides men and animals. They heaved them all overboard. All the men resented this, but the animals had nothing to say. Then the sixth mate went down to Captain Beardless' cabin and told her they had taken a prisoner.

"Make her walk the plank!" Beardless said.

"We threw all the planks overboard," the mate replied.

"Press her into service with a pressing iron," Beardless replied.

An hour later, the pirate-patrol boat which

regulated the catch for pirate ships drew alongside. Down in her cabin Beardless disposed of her illegal beard by hiding it in a barrel of water which no one ever used, particularly for drinking.

The captain of the pirate-patrol boat punched Beardless' pirating ticket, examined the roster of the crew that had been thrown overboard and nodded sympathetically to Beardless.

"Better luck next time," he said. "They were a motley crew. Any beards among them?"

"They were all bearded," Beardless explained virtuously. "That's why we threw them overboard. Except for the woman prisoner, of course. But she's been pressed into service, either with a pressing iron or a clothes press, I forgot which."

The new crew member was not in the clothes press, so Beardless had her hauled down from deck. While she was being hauled down and fulrel, Beardless exchanged useful information with the patrol captain, finding out where more pirate victim ships lay. However, when the new crew member was shoved into the cabin, Beardless turned pale. Then the patrol ship captain snatched her pirating license off the wall and tore it to shreds.

"That tears it!" he cried. "Beards on board, eh?"

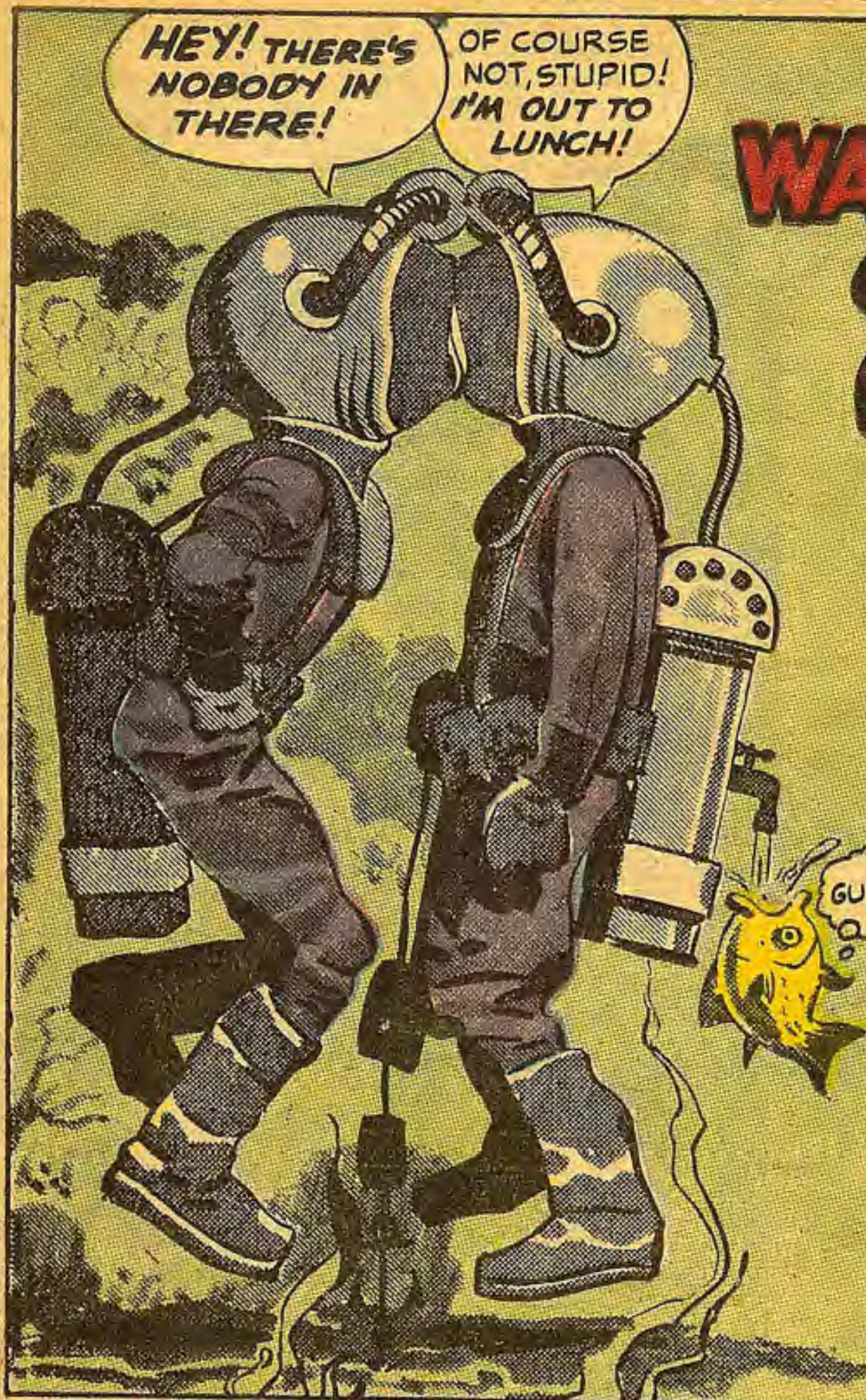
Angrily he stumped up the companionway on a stump.

"We're ruined!" Beardless shouted, meanwhile to the seventh mate. "Do you realize we've lost our pirate license because its illegal to have anyone with a beard aboard? Now we'll all have to go back to baking and tatting!"

"S-Sorry, C-Captain," blubbered the lubbering seventh mate. "I tried to tell you, but you would'nt listen. That dream-boat was a sea-going circus. And our new crew member was the Bearded Lady!"

— The End —

From Here To INSANITY



Presenting-- WALT CHISELY'S 20,000 Lugs UNDER THE Sea

BY
JULIUS
VERMIN

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE SS. MALARKEY, FIVE DAYS OUT OF CONEY ISLAND--WITH A CARGO OF MOUSTACHE WAX... WAS HIT AMIDSHIPS BY A SUBMARINE! NOW, THIS WAS FANTASTIC... BECAUSE... THERE WEREN'T ANY SUBMARINES AROUND THEN! THEY COULDN'T EVEN BLAME IT ON WOMEN DRIVERS!

ONLY THREE MEN SURVIVED THIS NON-EXISTENT ACCIDENT--DIRK KUTLETS, A HARDY, SMIRKING YOUNG TROUBLE-MAKER, PROFESSOR PAUL DUCATS, AND HIS UGLY ASSISTANT, PETER GORY!

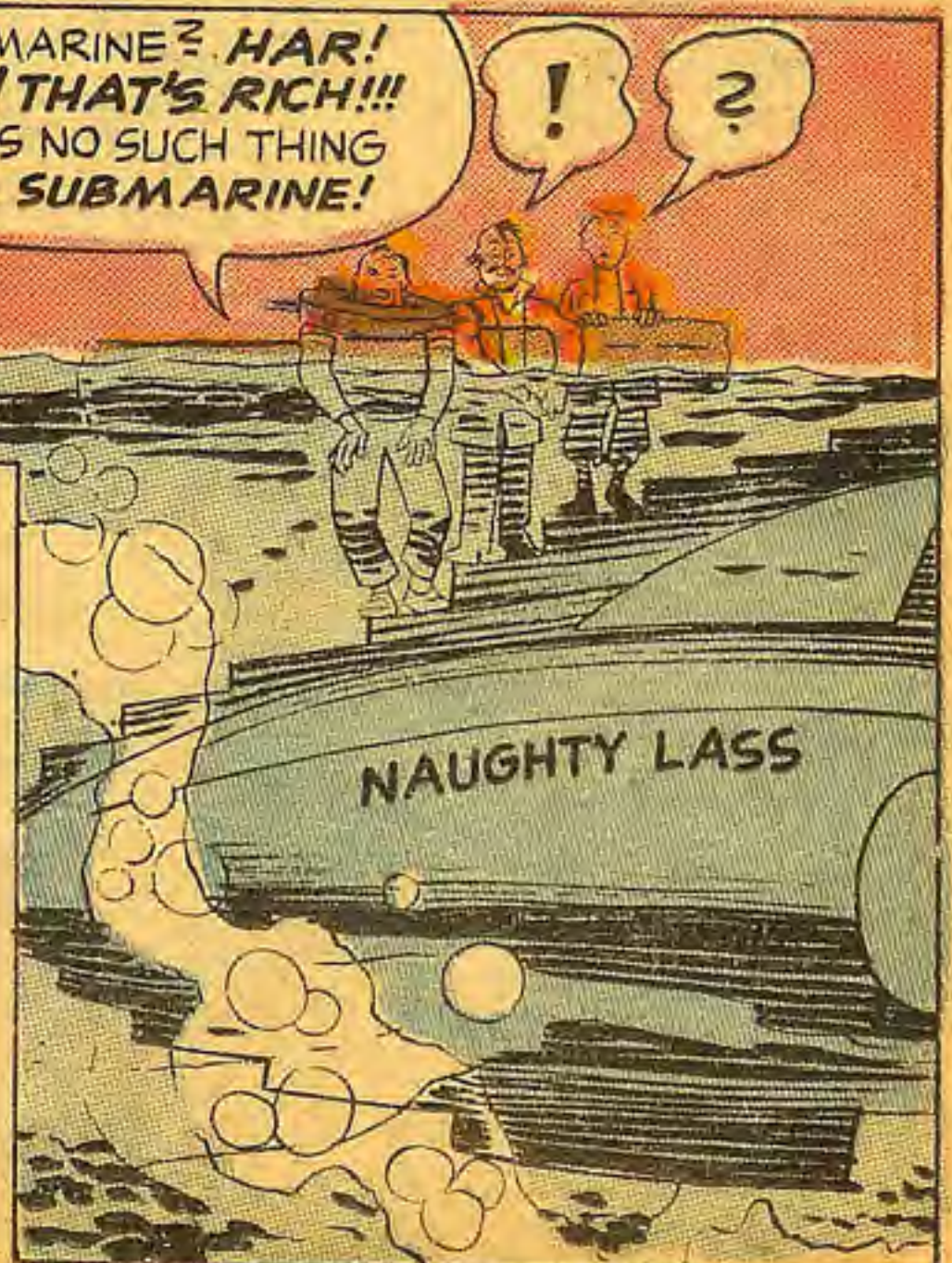
WHAT HIT US, DOC? A SEA-MONSTER? A FLOCK OF HEAVY MERMAIDS... A BANSHEE--A GREMLIN?

I SAW WHAT HIT US, YOU DOLT! IT WAS A SUBMARINE!!



IF ANY BRAINLESS MOVIE PRODUCER WISHES TO MAKE A FILM VERSION OF THIS VERSION OF A FILM STORY, HE CAN DROP DEAD! WE'RE SIGNED UP FOR A TWO YEAR RUN AT THE FULTON FISH MARKET!

A SUBMARINE? HAR! HAR!! THAT'S RICH!!! THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A SUBMARINE!



From Here To INSANITY



From Here To INSANITY

LUNCH IS SERVED IN CAPTAIN SCREAMO'S SUNKEN LIVING ROOM! IT'S WET, BUT COZY...

THIS IS POACHED OCTUPUS EGGS? HAR!!

FEH! I HAD BETTER MEALS IN HORROR PICTURES!

PEASANT! WAIT TILL YOU TASTE THIS FRICASSEE OF BARRACUDA WITH GRITS!



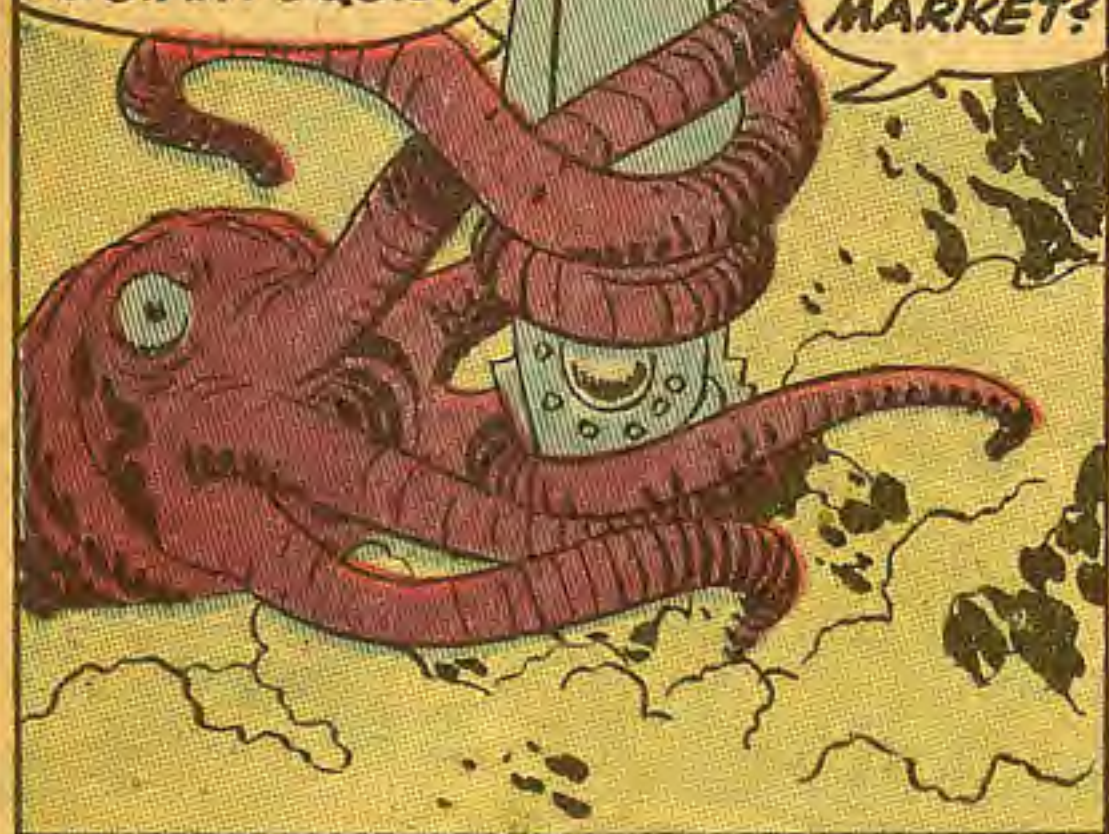
AND NOW, FOR DESSERT---A 100-FOOT SQUID! PUT ONE IN A HAMBURGER ROLL AND POUR ON THE WHIPPED CREAM-- YUMMY!!

ANYONE FOR MARINATED HERRING? THIS COULD LEAD TO A NERVOUS STOMACH!



OH, I TELL YOU--- THERE ISN'T A SUPER MARKET ANYWHERE THAT'S GOT ANYTHING AS GOOD AS GIANT SQUID!

HAR! HAR!! WHO EVER HOID OF A SUPER MARKET?



SEE? YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO SHOP! YOU JUST MAKE LIKE BAIT, AND IT COMES TO YOU!



HOOPS!



MAYBE WE SHOULD BREAK OPEN A CAN OF CHOWDER BALLS?

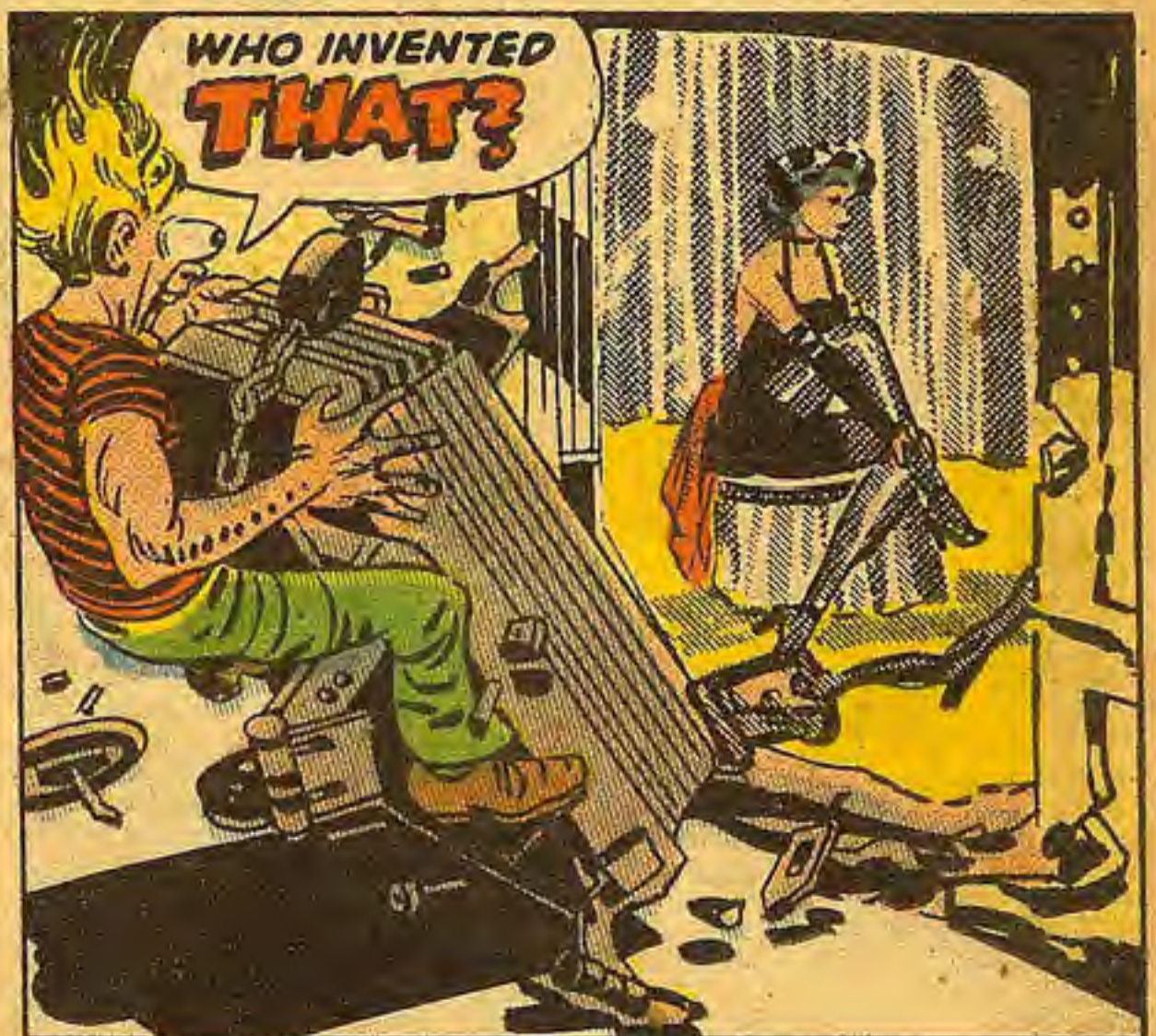
CAPTAIN-- STOP MUMBLING! WE'RE WAITING FOR ORDERS---



LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!!! SUCH A CREW I COULD FIND ON A BROKEN-DOWN FERRY!!



From Here To INSANITY



AT THAT MOMENT, JUST AS DIRK KUTLETS DECIDED TO STAY, AN OLD TYPE BATTLESHIP SAILED UP FROM NOWHERE AND FIRED AN OLD TYPE BROADSIDE AT THE SUBMARINE---



FROM THIS HOSTILE PROCEEDURE, SOMEONE COULD GET A GOOD SHOT IN THE HEAD!--- BUT CAPTAIN SCREAMO GETS ONE THROUGH HIS NINE DOLLAR SWEATER!



From Here To INSANITY

THOSE CRAZY OLD WOODEN SHIP SAILORS! THEY'RE ALWAYS FIRING ON ME! THEY HATE ME! BUT THIS TIME THEY WENT TOO FAR -- **THIS TIME THEY GOT ME!**

BUT I'M **NOT** GOING TO THAT FAR AWAY PLACE JUST MADE FOR SWEET SOULS LIKE ME... BEFORE I TURN THIS SHIP INTO AN **ATOM BOMB** AND RAM IT RIGHT INTO THOSE OUT-MODED, OLD FASHIONED, OBSOLETE **LOUTS!**

THEY'LL DIE LIKE SWINE! WE'LL DIE LIKE HEROES!!
ARE YOU WITH ME, MEN?

MY LOYAL, TRUSTWORTHY CREW WON'T RUN OUT ON ME! THIS'LL STOP 'EM--MY **ACE IN THE HOLE!**

WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS

SWISSH!

SWISH!

HA! HA! THEY WILL NEVER PASS THIS BY!

THE ONLY ONES WHO AREN'T HYPNOTIZED ARE PROFESSOR PAUL DUCATS WHO HATES GIRLS AND LIKES BOOKS, AND PETER GORY, WHO LIKES GIRLS -- BUT ONLY IF THEY'RE VAMPIRES!

DID YOU SEE THAT? THEY'LL ALL DIE LOOKING AT A PRETTY GIRL! **WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO GO!**

HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE! SAY! YOU KNOW THAT ALL THROUGH THIS STORY, I, PETER GORY, DIDN'T DO ONE **HORRIBLE DEED?**

WHAT'LL **BORIS KARLOT** SAY? WHAT'LL **BELA LA GOOSNICK** SAY? AND FOR PITY'S SAKE, HOW DID I GET INTO THIS **SISSY STORY**-- THERE WASN'T EVEN ONE **TORTURE CHAMBER** IN IT---

DON'T BE AN **IDIOT!** AND SPEAKING OF **IDIOTS**-- WHATEVER HAPPENED TO **DIRK KUTLETS?**

From Here To INSANITY

AND, DOWN BELOW, CAPTAIN SCREAMO NOT ONLY HATES PEOPLE, HE HATES **LIVING...** THAT'S WHY HE'S DIGGING AROUND IN HIS ATOMIC PILES!



IT'S LUCKY I'M A **GENIUS!** WHO, IN THE 19th CENTURY WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF **RADIO ACTIVE GARBAGE!**

NOW IT JUST TAKES THE SMELL OF A CHEAP **RADIO ACTIVE GIGAR BUTT** TO COMBINE WITH THE SMELL OF THIS RADIO ACTIVE **CARBAGE---**

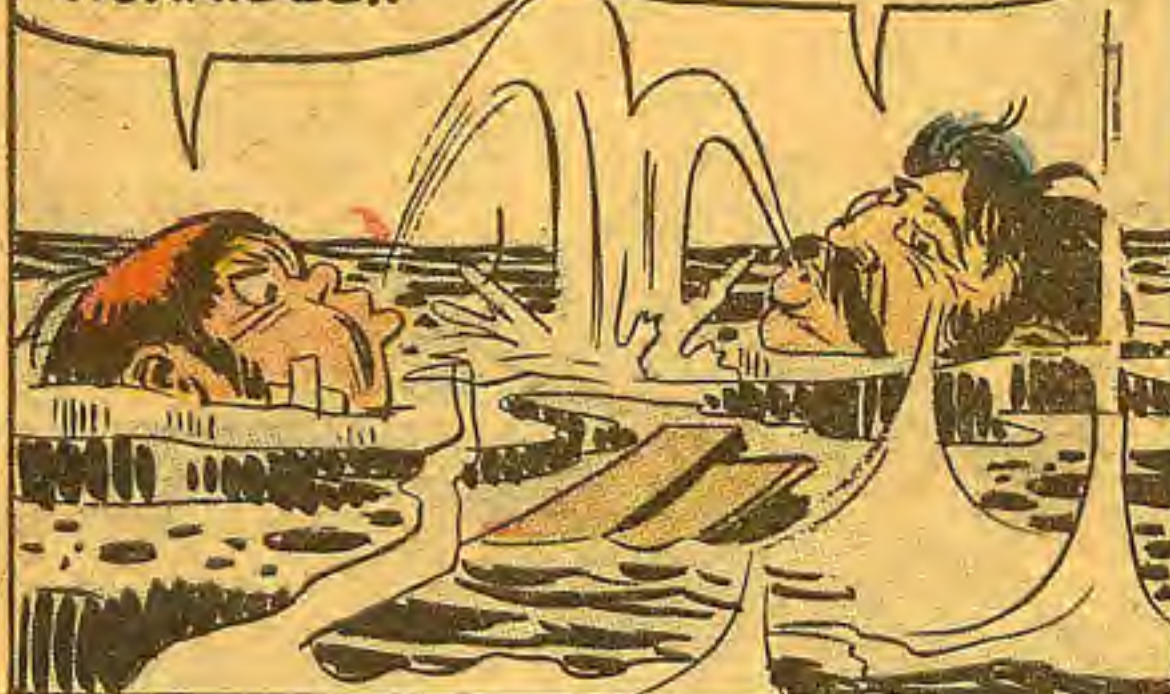


IT IS THE MOST DIABOLICAL AROMA EVER CONCEIVED--AND WHEN IT REACHES THE **BOILING POINT---**



THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU **CHAIN-SMOKE GARBAGE...**

PROFESSOR DUCATS! CAPTAIN SCREAMO BLEW EVERYTHIN UP! W-WE'RE THE ONLY ONES LEFT ALIVE! THIS IS HORRIBLE... **HORRIBLE!!**



STOP ENJOING YOURSELF, **PETER GORY!** THINK OF POOR DIRK KUTLETS...**HE** WAS STILL ON THAT CRAZY, BLOWN-UP SUBMARINE!

OH, POOR **DIRK KUTLETS...** HE WAS JUST A BOY--A **STUPID** BOY--BUT HIS HEART WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE! I **KNOW...** I HAD TO OPERATE ON HIM ONCE!



BAWWW!!! HE DIED SO YOUNG--TOO YOUNG!-- WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN ME?-- IF I COULD TRADE PLACES WITH HIM NOW--

HAR! HAR! JUST TRY IT!!!



PETER GORY--THIS IS THE **END!**

AND SHE'S THE **MOST!** AND I AM A **DIRTY BIRDIE!**



THE END

From Here To INSANITY

HAVE YOU GOT BATS IN YOUR TOOL SHED? ARE YOU ONE OF THE NATION'S MANY UNPOPULAR MECHANICS? THEN YOU'LL SLOBBER LIKE A HAPPY IDIOT WHEN YOU TRY YOUR CARPENTRY SKILL AT...

BUILD IT YOURSELF

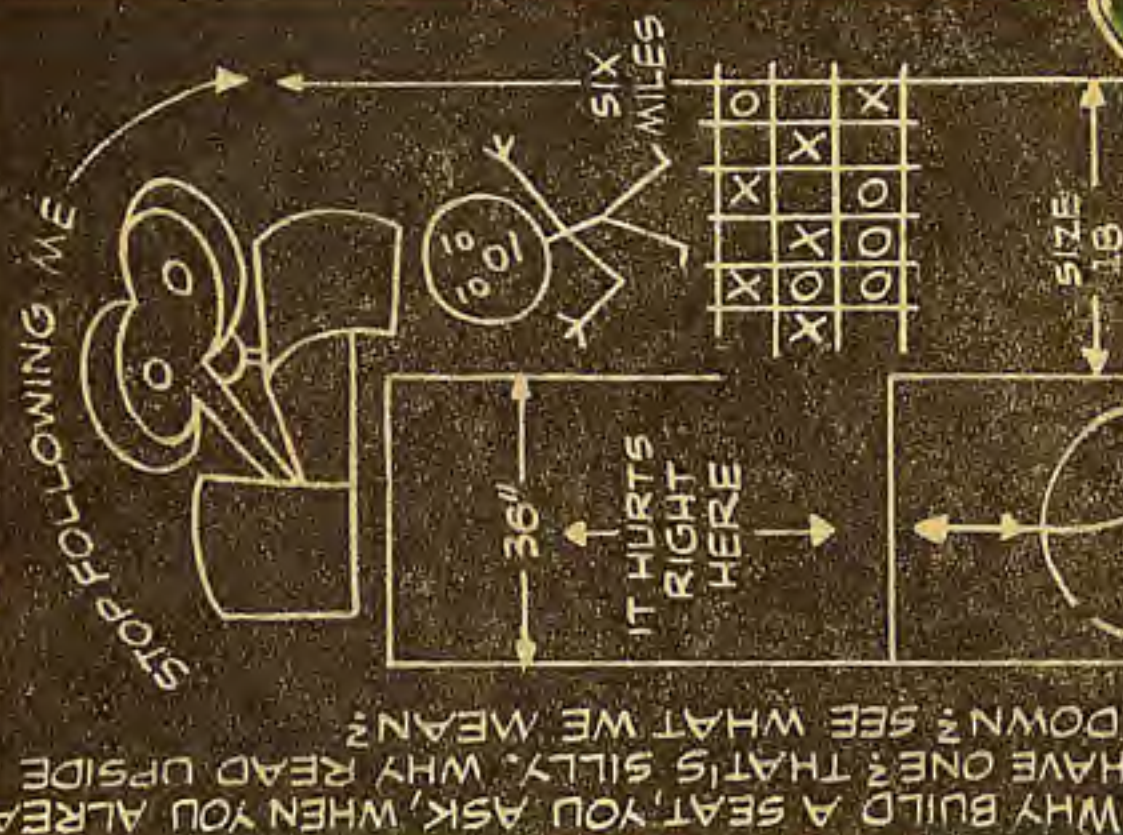
THE THREE-CORNERED PHLYMDRM SEAT

DECORATIVE! FUNCTIONAL!!
THE ULTIMATE IN CONVENIENCE
FOR THREE-CORNERED PEOPLE!
IF YOU'RE CRAZY ABOUT BUILDING
THINGS...YOU'LL BE CRAZY TO
BUILD THIS!

THIS SEAT IS
REALLY
DIFFERENT--
YOU DON'T SIT
ON IT---IT
SITS ON
YOU!



Phlymdrm Seat



NOW TO BEGIN..

First You send away
for our Plans...which
we mail to you at great
cost to Ourselves...

...SLOBBER...HOW
I'VE WAITED NIGHT
AND DAY FOR THESE
TO GET HERE!
WHAT'S THE
CHARGE?

\$238.14!
SIGN
HERE...



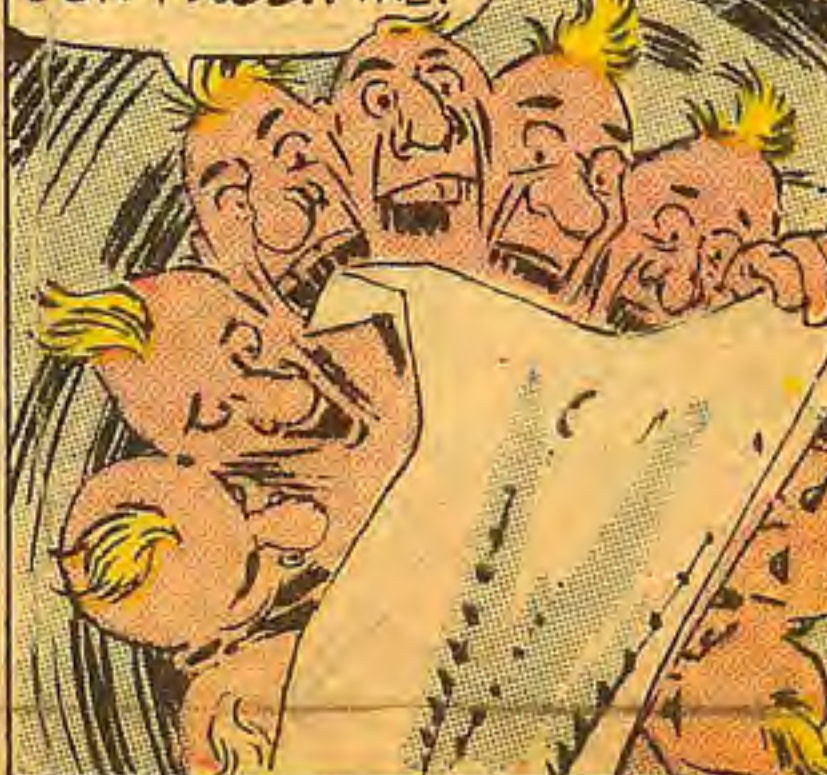
After you pick yourself
off the floor, you cry like
a baby as you shell out the
dough. But at last...the plans
are Yours!

YEAH-- BUT MY WIFE'LL
BEAT MY BRAINS OUT WHEN
SHE HEARS OF **THIS!**

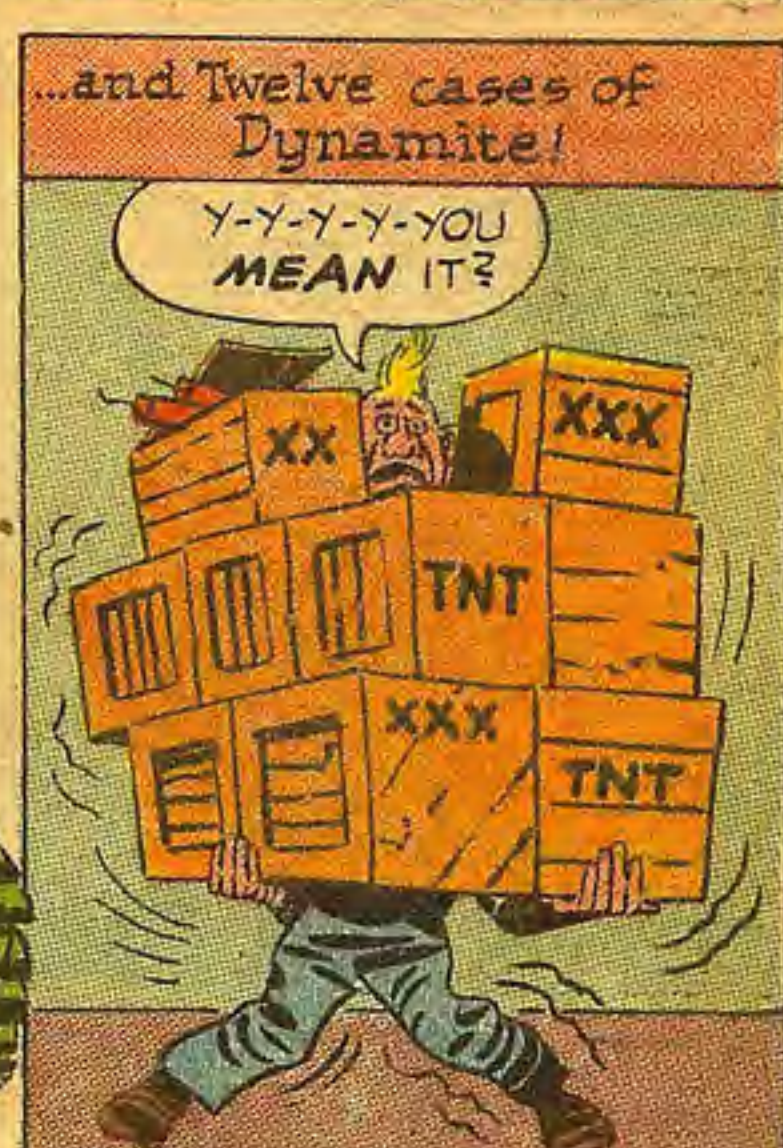
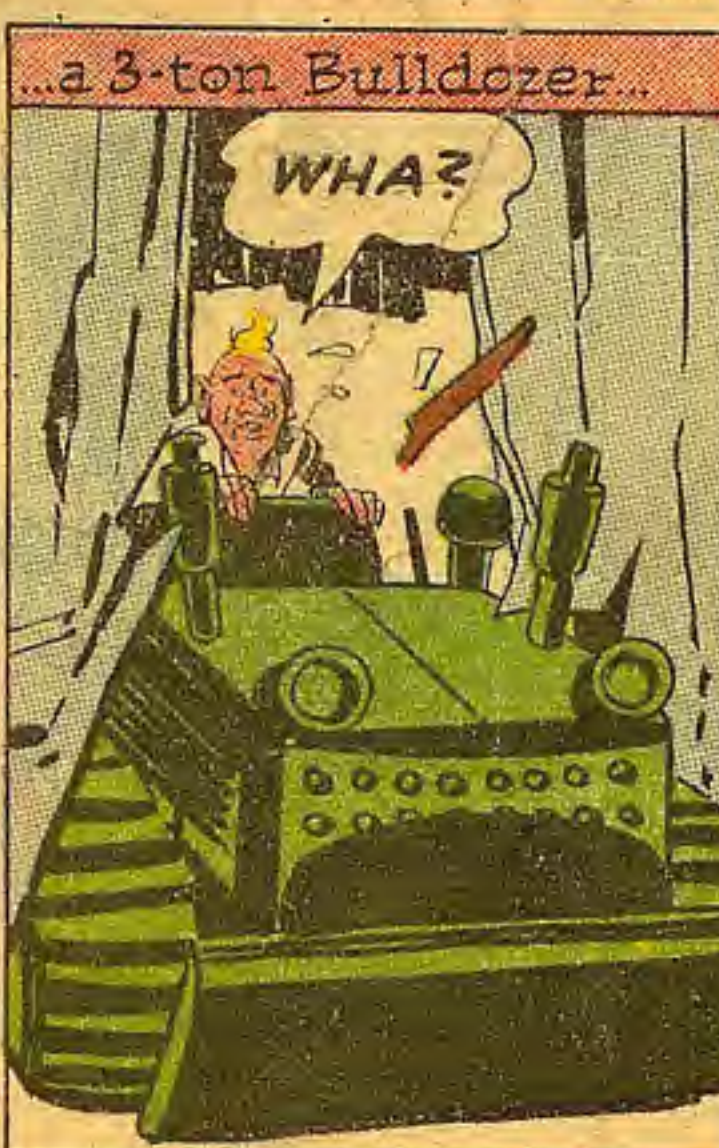


Never mind you Wife,
fathead! Study the Plans!
examine them...all of the
directions...measurements...

OKAY-- OKAY--
DON'T **RUSH** ME!



From Here To INSANITY



From Here To INSANITY

We could tell that you were going to be a problem! Here! Here's a load of Bamboo for you!



Sheesh! What a nut! --- Look, Pal, be a good boy and cut four half-strips of Bamboo, until you've got 8 three-quarter length two-by-four pegs...

SURE... SURE... THAT'S EASY!



It is? Well--- maybe it could be for YOU! Okay--try this.. glue these together until they form a Hexagonal Tremiphor...then drill half-inch holes in each corner...

LESSEE...THIS GOES HERE--AND HERE--AND HERE--AND HERE--



...Now reach for a...

DON'T TELL ME! I CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE!



...Yes, but...

ELIMINATE THE RECESS OF THE SIDE RELIEF ANGLES... I SEE... I SEE...



...Now, look here...

GO AWAY, WILL YA! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! I'M AS GOOD AS ANY PROFESSIONAL!



Hey, wait a minute! You're using the wrong...

YUM-DE-DUM-DE-DUM! THIS IS MORE FUN THAN BUILDING A REVERSIBLE DOG KENNEL!



...Pal, listen...

SHAPING UP, ISN'T IT?



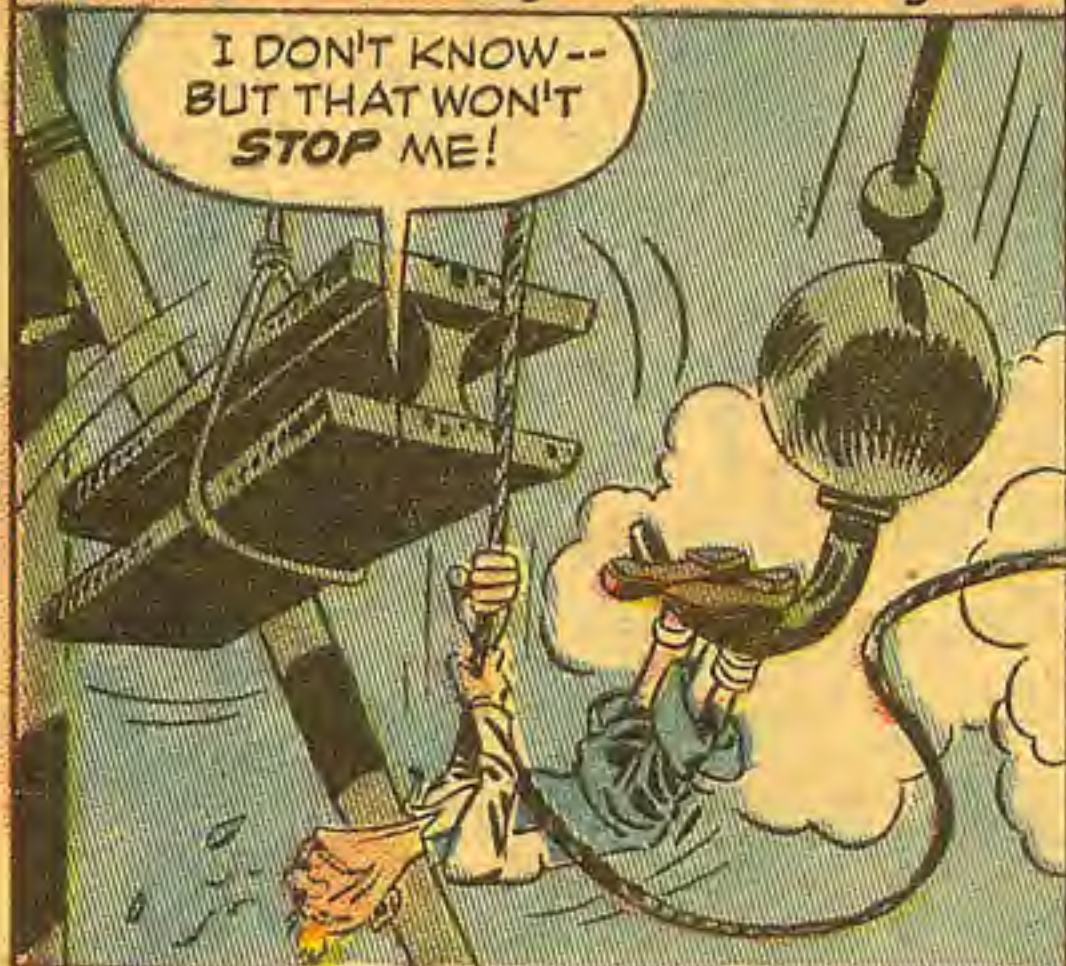
...Yes, but into WHAT--?

NOW, LOOK WHO'S THE COMEDIAN! YOU HATE ME BECAUSE I'M GREAT AT THIS!



From Here To INSANITY

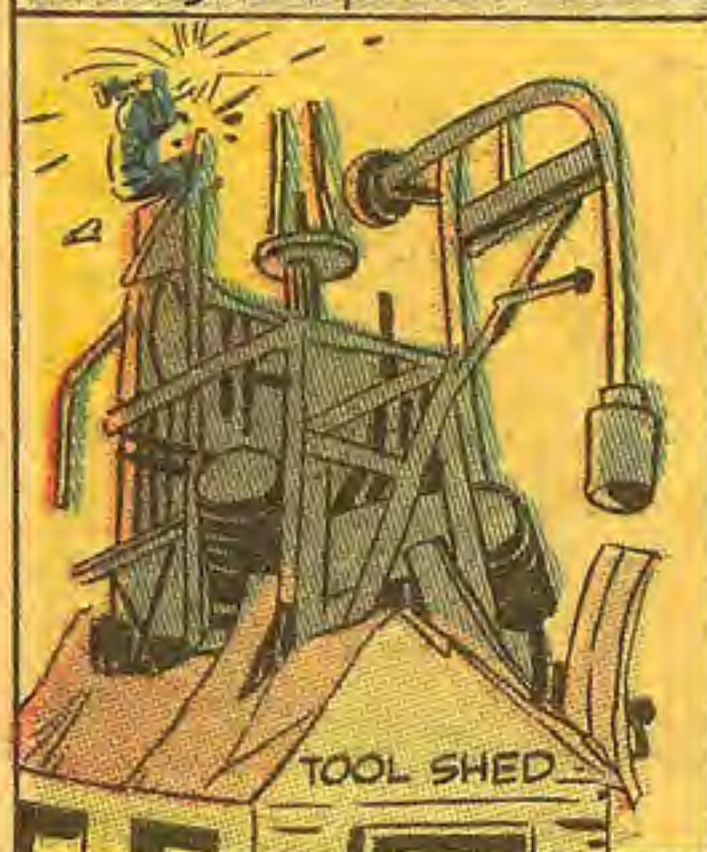
Nonsense! We glory in such enthusiastic acceptance of our product! But what the blazes is it that you're building?



No, it never does! And who are we to say "Halt" to these crazy, eager builders? Hey, microbe! We've got some nifty plans for an Open Air Bathroom... it'll fit right in with what you're building there! Comes with transparent Window Shades--- only \$568.70!



So... it goes on and on --- one of our Customers started out to build a Gooseneck Bookcase, and wound up with a 12 Story Garbage Disposal Unit!



Another finished his job, and found he'd built a Hydro-Electric Dam!



We won't say who built the Empire State Building, but we can tell you that it was originally intended to be a Mahogany Ash Tray---until it got out of hand!



Say, Bird-Brain! How's it coming? Almost done?



Well, we've seen Three-Cornered Phlymdrm Seats---but this...this is..FANTASTIC!



FOR OUR MENTALLY DISTURBED READERS WITH A FLYING SAUCER COMPLEX... WE PRESENT IN OUR NEXT SHOCKING ISSUE! THAT SUPERSONIC SLOB OF THE STRATOSPHERE... THE HERO OF YOUNG DOLTS...

COMET FELDMEYER

The ACE OF SPACE!

AND HIS NERVE-WRACKING
LITTLE COMPANION...

LOVABLE...

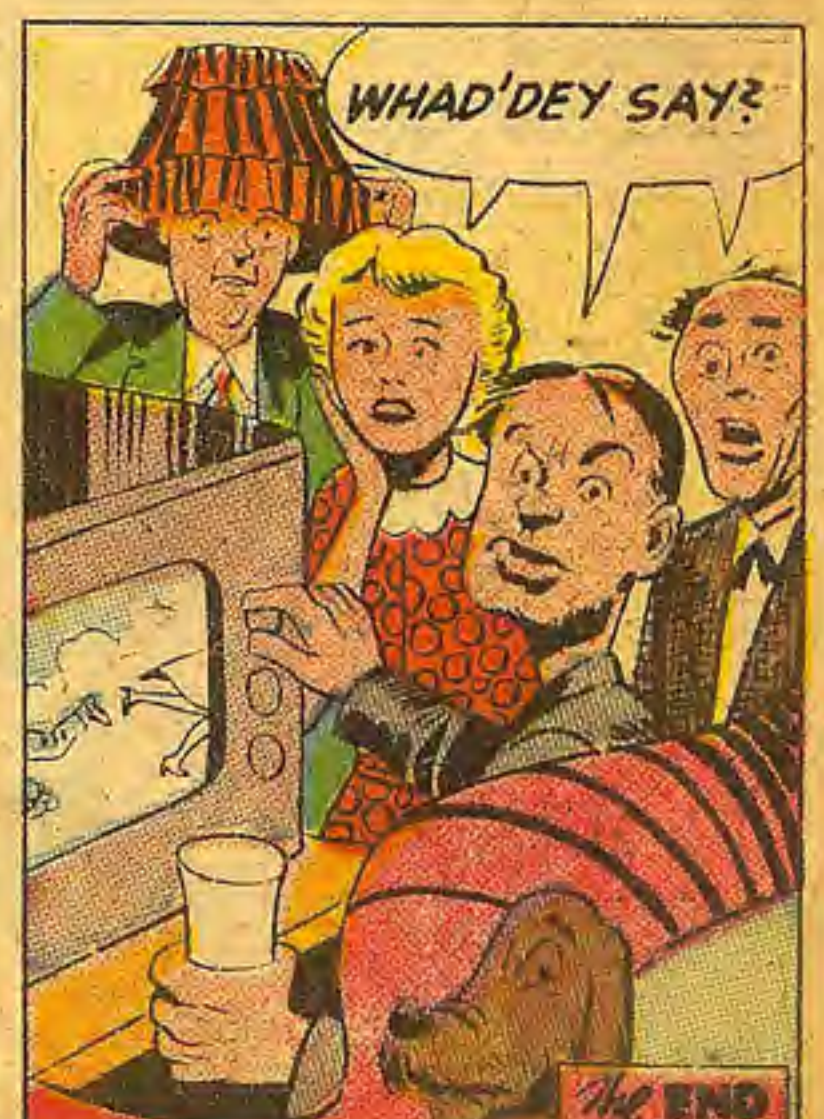
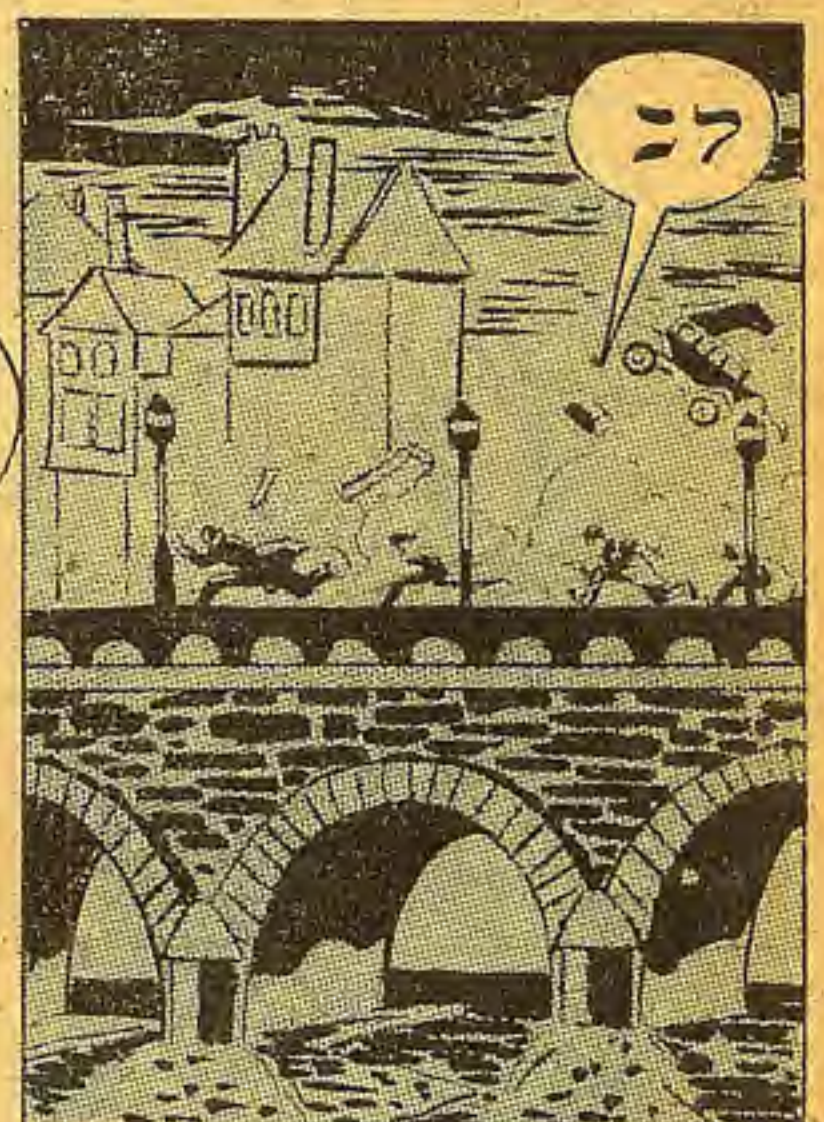
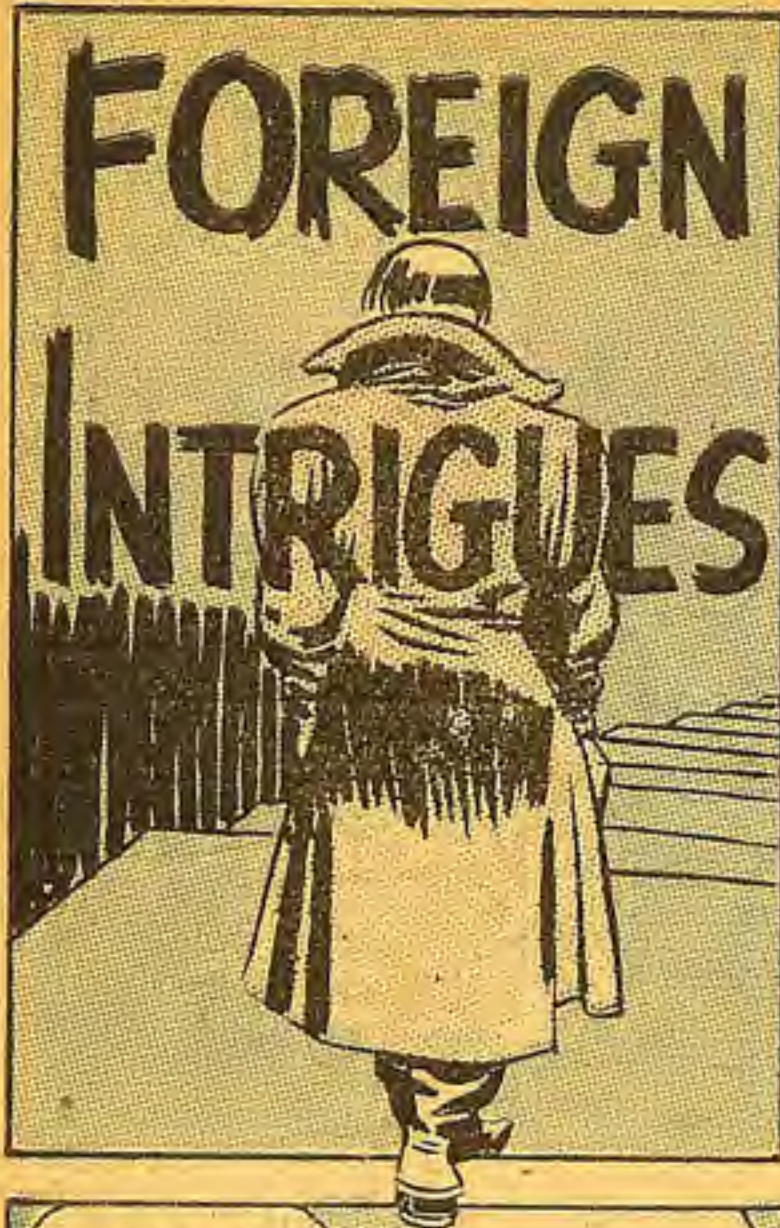
THE ELECTRONIC NUISANCE!

GET WITH IT,
LOVABLE! IF YOU SEE
EVIL--STEP ON IT! IF YOU
SEE CRIME--GIVE IT A
SLAP! IF YOU SEE
MONEY--I GET
HALF!!

GIVE ME TIME TO
CATCH ON TO THIS BUSINESS!
I'M ONLY A TEN YEAR OLD
SMART ALECK KID! I
WONDER IF THESE GUYS
ARE SELLING ANY
HOT RADAR?



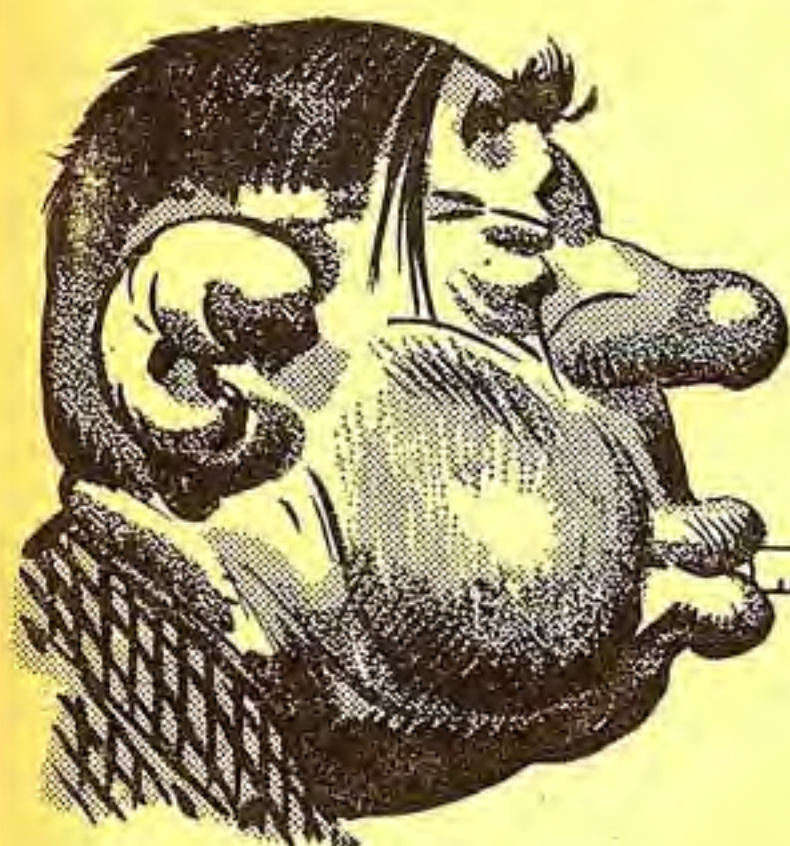
From Here To INSANITY



THEY LAUGHED LIKE CRAZY WHEN I SAT DOWN TO PLAY!! YOU SEE, I HAD NO INSTRUMENT TO PLAY!!!

IN FACT, I HAD NO EAR FOR MUSIC, UNTIL A PUNCHY FRIEND OF MINE
BELTED ME FOR LAUGHS!

**NOW I'M AN EXPERT ON BIRD CALLS... AND THE PROUD
OWNER OF A...**



TWEETIE PIPER!

**WHAT USED TO BE FOR THE BIRDS, CAN NOW
BE YOURS FOR PEANUTS!!!**

Read **THE HYSTERICAL TESTIMONIALS OF A FEW OF OUR
MANY "TWEETIE" FANS!**

**SAYS ALVIN
BLOODSHOT**



"BLAST TWEETIES!
I'LL TAKE THIS
SNAZZY FOREIGN SPORTS
CAR ANY DAY!"

**AND FROM
DELPHINA CLAM**

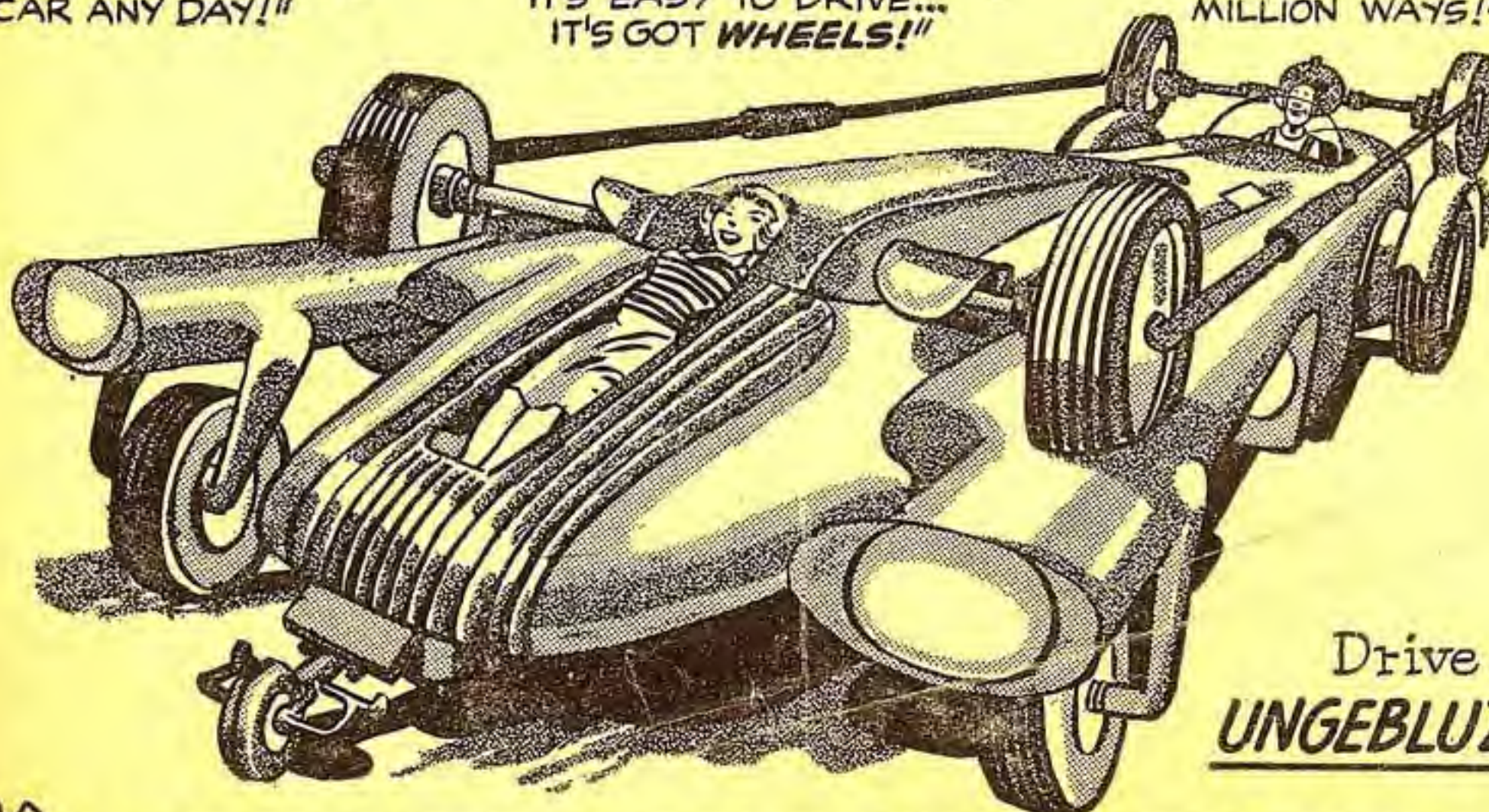


"GEE, DAD! IT'S AN
UNGEBLUZEN!
IT'S EASY TO DRIVE...
IT'S GOT **WHEELS!**"

**ALSO
YORIK RATTLE**



"I'LL MAKE NO BONES
ABOUT IT--THIS
BEATS A CARRIAGE A
MILLION WAYS!"

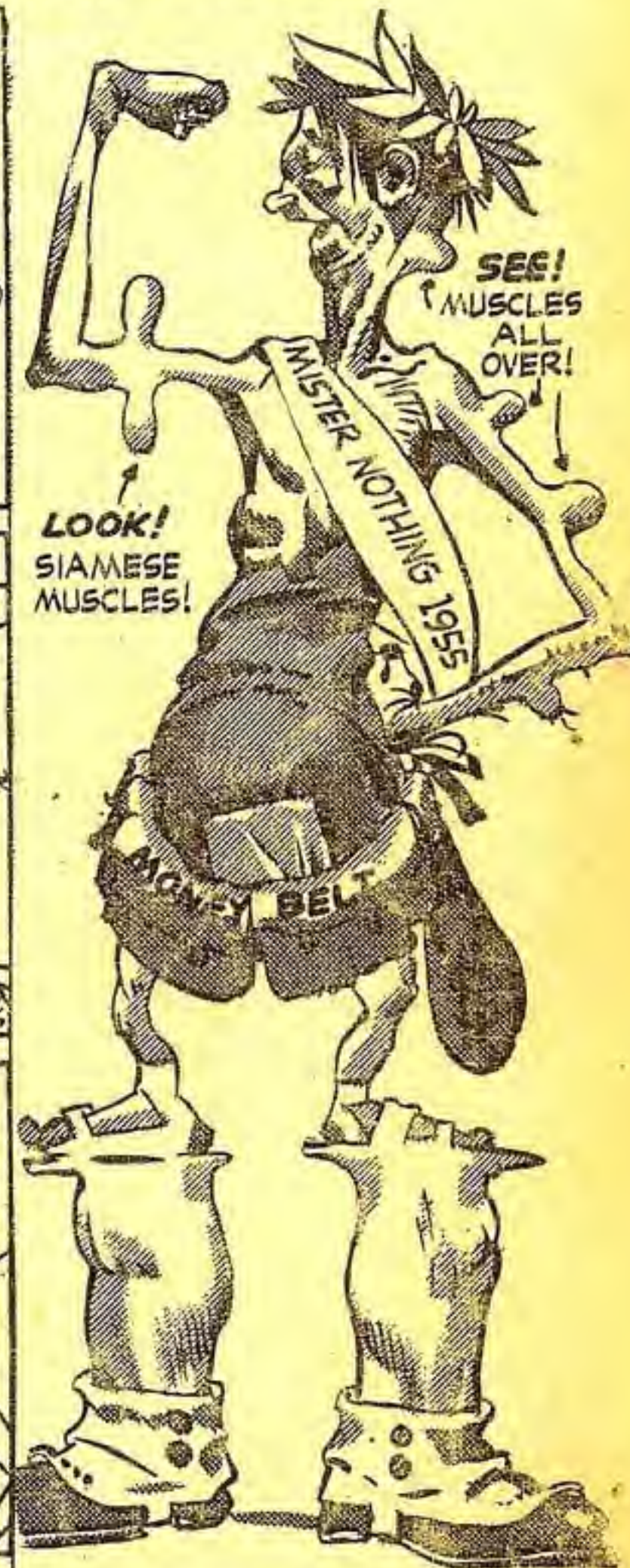


Drive an
UNGEBLUZEN!!

**YOU CAN STILL DRIVE IT, EVEN IF YOU TURN OVER! IT COMES IN
FOUR REVOLTING COLORS! IT HAS A BUILT-IN GIRL FRIEND.....
FOUR ENGINES AND FRENCH HORNS WHICH PLAY NOTHING BUT**
♪♪ "BEAT ME, DADDY... WITH A V8 BAR!" ♪♪

BE A SUCCESSFUL 90-POUND WEAKLING

SO WHAT IF YOU'RE A SKINNY, MISERABLE-LOOKING LITTLE RUNT? SO WHAT IF YOUR RIBS SHOW... AND THE GIRLS HATE YOU, AND YOUR SIX-YEAR OLD BROTHER CAN KNOCK YOU FLAT! WE CAN CHANGE ALL THAT! WE CAN MAKE YOU A HIGHLY RESPECTED AND ADMIRED NINETY-POUND WEAKLING! THIS IS OUR SECRET... **MONEY!** WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE SCADS OF IT! READ WHAT WE DID FOR HARVEY TWITCH!!!



SEE? AREN'T YOU ENVIOUS OF HARVEY TWITCH?

WELL, DON'T STAND AROUND AND SLOBBER! SEND IN THIS COUPON IMMEDIATELY TO ME...

Brek Brokenback,
Box 35,
Side Saddle,
Wyoming

FOR \$750.00 C.O.D.

SEND ME **FREE** ONE

CRUDELY PHRASED PAMPHLET ABOUT 401 ANGLES ON HOW TO MAKE **MONEY!** THIS BOOK IS MINE TO KEEP UNLESS CONFISCATED BY THE COPS!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____